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ROSE REVEL.

A SIMPLE STORY.

CHAPTER III.

Assisted as Rose now was by the volunteer tuition of Gil O'Donahoe, she progressed rapidly. In fact, the young people materially assisted each other. And as their situations in life differed little from each other and threw them much together, they naturally began to look upon each other as fast friends, and to treat each other with the confidence resulting from such feelings. As years rolled on, and as Rose's strength and stature increased, she began by degrees to share with Mrs. Sullivan some of the lighter labors of housekeeping, particularly as Livy had been sent to a convent school, and was therefore absent from home. If Mickey the Screw indeed had his will, poor Rose would have either been put out to service or obliged to take the subordinate place of a maid of all work in his own house. But to this his wife demurred. The lovely child had started up into an equally lovely although delicate-looking girl, and the good woman was much too considerate and much too fond of her orphan charge to overtax her strength or put her to labor which was only undertaken by those of less personal pretensions or greater bodily strength. She therefore, in spite of her husband's under-growl, continued to employ Rose only in such work as was light and easily accomplished, and which, without injuring her constitution, might be of service to her hereafter. It was partly Rose's pleasant province to overlook the dairy and fowl-house, to make the butter and count the eggs, and to prepare chickens, ducks, &c., for the Thursday's market at the neighboring town; she had also to superintend the care of the linen chest, and to mend and make, as far as she knew how, for the family. In fact, she was always kept usefully although not laboriously employed by her kind protectress, who never permitted her to overtask herself, and always gave her ample leisure to improve her mind, or even to take a little amusement when it was offered to her.

Rose was now turned of sixteen, and the only drawback on her happiness that as yet occurred to her, resulted from the very unwelcome attentions paid to her by Felix Sullivan, who by this time had long left school, and after spending some time in Dublin with a relative, had thrown up the business of an attorney to which his father had apprenticed him, and had returned home, after announcing his intention to be nothing else than "a gentleman farmer," and requesting that one of his father's farms might be given him to commence with. After a good deal of hesitation on the part of the Screw, a house and a considerable portion of land were allotted to him, and he commenced life in a style which gained him considerable reputation amongst the "good fellows" of the neighborhood, although the sober part of the community shook their heads at his doings, and prophesied that Mickey's gold would soon find wings whenever it came under the guidance of "Felix the Sporteen," as he began now to be popularly called. In fact, from his general mode of proceeding it seemed likely enough that this prophecy would be accomplished, for the young man kept race-horses and dogs, and entertained persons very far above his own condition with whom he chanced to make acquaintance in the hunting cover or shooting field. He was prudent enough, however, to keep these movements hidden from his father, whose favorite he was, and at whose house he was always of course a welcome guest. He did not agree quite so well with his mother, who knew more of his courses, and who often took him roundly to task for his proceedings. Neither was he at all a welcome visiter to Rose Revel, who became more and more dissatisfied with his attentions every time she saw him. At first, when he returned home, he had treated her on the same friendly footing as of yore, but as time passed on, and his position became fixed, he increased his familiarity and decreased his respect, until the poor girl became excessively annoyed and even terrified at his coarseness. On one of these occasions, it so happened that he overtook her one evening at some distance from the house, as she was returning from the house of a neighbor to whom she had been of a message for Mrs. Sullivan. Felix had evidently been drinking, although he was only excited or "elevated," as it is called, but not intoxicated. When he overtook Rose, as usual he began to express very violent admiration for her person, and from this, he became more intrusive, and, passing his hand round her neck, he attempted to kiss her.

"Take away your arm and stand back, sir," she said, suddenly disengaging herself and facing him, "and never presume to take such a liberty with me again, as long as you live, or you will repent it."

"It is you who will repent refusing me a trifling favor that could do you no sort of harm," he answered laughing. "You know I love you, Rose, and there *was* a time that you loved me, too, although you forget it now, which is hardly fair of you, and I so faithful."

"You are mistaken as to my feelings altogether, Felix," replied Rose. "We were reared together as children, and I was bound to respect you as the son of a mother who had done so much for myself; had you been a dog belonging to her I would have done the same. But that feeling of respect cannot continue if you use towards me the language which you have latterly done, or still less, if you offer to take such unbecoming liberties with me as you attempted just now."

"But I can't help it," replied the Sporteen; "I tell you, Rose Revel, that I love you to desperation, and that unless you promise to be kind to me, I can't answer for what I may be tempted to do."

"My being kind to you would do you rather harm than good, Felix," replied Rose, "for you know well that your father has other views for you, and would never hear of your marrying me at all."

"Pooh! but who thinks of marriage in these hard times?" replied Felix. "We can love each other without being married at all, and the old buck need never know a word of the matter, and so—"

"Hold off, if you please," interjected Rose, indignantly; "it is not friendly—it is not manly, to insult me by your unwelcome attempts at familiarity, which insults me and is unworthy of you. What would your mother say?"

"I don't care what she would say," replied Felix, still persisting, "and what *I* say is that you are as cruel as you are beautiful, and that I cannot part with you without coming to a better understanding with you; for I adore the very ground you walk on, and I can no longer bear either your cold looks or your—"

"Pray let me go, Felix," implored poor Rose, "and do not disgrace yourself by offering violence to an unprotected orphan."

But Felix's brutal passions were inflamed with drink, and instead of desisting from his rudeness he told her that her coyness made her look a thousand times more charming, and attempted to seize her in his arms. But during the struggle another person had advanced upon the scene, and almost before he became aware of the intruder's presence, Felix found his collar seized and himself rudely hurled a dozen feet from the scene of his meditated violence and left sprawling on the ground.

"Take my arm, Rose," said Gilbert O'Donahoe, for it was he who had come so opportunely to her aid, "and I will see you safe home, since Felix is too drunk to be trusted."

"It is a lie, I am not drunk, and you shall find I am not, you beggarly scoundrel," roared Felix, getting up and preparing to rush upon Gil.

"See here now, Felix," said Gil, calmly; "I do not want to quarrel with you, and what I did to you was done to prevent you from disgracing yourself for ever by offering insult to one whom you as well as I are bound to protect. Go home to your own place and sleep off your liquor, and when you awake in the morning you will blush to find that you have so far forgotten yourself."

"Stand out of the way, fellow, and know your distance," was the reply of Felix. "No one shall accompany Rose home but myself, and if you wish to keep your place safe and your bones unbroken, you will take care how you meddle again with what does not concern you. Take *my* arm, Rose, and I promise you—"

"No, no, I cannot—I dare not," said Rose, in great alarm. "Take Gil's advice, Felix, for God's sake, and let me go back quietly. I promise you not to say a word of what has passed."

But Felix persisted in accompanying her back, and Gil would not allow it. The cousins had never been good friends, and now the insult to Rose stung Gil, and made him imprudently give way to passion. From words they came to blows, and before Rose could effectually interpose Felix was stretched on the ground, senseless, by a fall. In a moment Gil's enmity had departed, and assisted by Rose, he was kneeling by the form of his late opponent, chafing his temples and supporting his head. After a few efforts Felix was able to open his eyes and to look about him, but when Gil asked him how he was, and excused his own intemperance in striking him, the other scowled at him, and rising from the ground, shook his hand at his face and said: "You think yourself a fine fellow for this, but if I live, I will make you sup sorrow for it, and that before the year is out."

Thus saying he strode sullenly away towards his own house, while Gil and Rose proceeded to that of Mickey the Screw, in which they found everything in commotion.

CHAPTER IV.

The cause of the commotion in the household of Michael Sullivan was the sudden illness of the proprietor. He had caught cold in attending a fair, and although feverish and ill for many days, had still insisted on going out to look at his laborers, and urge them on to work. At length he fainted in the field, and was borne home to be laid on a sick bed, from whence he was fated never to rise more. But even to the last he was "Mickey the Screw," for he refused to see a physician until one was brought in by force, and he would not take the medicine because it was too expensive, and even with his last breath, almost, he particularly requested that his burial might be private, and that no one would be allowed to sit up at his wake, as "between eating and drinking, and snuffing and smoking, Mary, to say nothing of keeping up of fires and wasting of candles, it will ruin you out and out, if you give in to it." And so he died.

As soon as he was buried and his will opened, it was found that he was even wealthier than it was thought; with the exception of the farm in which he lived, and a thousand pounds which was left to his daughter, all the rest of his considerable property was left to his son Felix. There was not a word in his will about his nephew Gil O'Donahoe, and still less about the orphan girl who had been so long under his roof. Probably he considered their interests safe while his wife lived, and, at all events, they were so, for the kind-hearted and sensible Mrs. Sullivan, who well knew Gil's value, at once established him as her overseer and market-man; while Rose was elevated into still greater favor than she already enjoyed, and, in point of fact, might have done as little as she pleased had her disposition been more indolent than it really was. The only person who seemed displeased with this arrangement was Felix, who by his great accession of fortune had become a greater man than ever. He had now built an addition to his own home, kept horses and hounds, entertained the minor gentry or *squireens*, who overlooked his birth for the goodness of his dinners, and, in fact, determined to redeem his father's reputation for niggardliness by a profuse expenditure which threatened to leave his purse dry in the long run. After some months of dissipation, during which he seldom came near his mother's door, he seemed suddenly to have taken a new resolution, and then he as assiduously visited his parent as he had before kept away. During this period, he took particular pains to be civil and attentive to Rose Revel, and, at last, one morning, he demanded an audience of her, and made to her a declaration of love and a proposal of marriage at the same time. To his great astonishment he was refused, and when he had failed in procuring Rose to revoke her refusal or consider the matter over, he gave way to the natural impetuosity of his temper and became furious:

"I know why it is that you refuse me," he exclaimed, foaming with passion and pacing up and down the room; "you think more of Gil O'Donahoe than you do of me—of me who could keep you like a lady, while he, the poor spalpeen, can hardly afford you a meal's meat if you marry him."

"He never asked me to marry him," said Rose, "and it is not he, that has made me refuse your offer, at all, Felix."

"And why *do* you refuse me, then?"

"Because I do not love you," replied Rose, "and it would be a great crime in me to become your wife, under these circumstances."

"But if you take time to consider my proposal Rose—"

"It requires none; I wish you well, but your wife I cannot be."

"And this is your fixed and unalterable determination?"

"It is."

He left the room, and from that day spoke to her no more.

For some time things went on quietly and well, but, after a few weeks, matters became a little troubled at the widow Sullivan's. The good woman began to wear a serious face, and, now and then, she let fall hints that made every body about her unhappy. The fact was, that she had began lately to miss small sums of money and other matters of value, and as her heart was kind as well as a good one, she felt great reluctance to believe that a thief should be found amongst those who found shelter and protection under her roof. At last, however, a five-pound note was abstracted from the desk in which she kept her money, and as this was too daring a matter to be passed over, she quietly sent for Father John O'Rorke, the curate, and after explaining to and consulting with him, she assembled her whole household together, and stated her losses to them:

"I accuse no one," she said; "but I expect that every one will submit to a strict search. Father John will conduct it in person, so that every one may be assured of fair treatment, and I will myself also be present."

She then desired that the boxes and cases of all who were living with her should be brought into the room where she was, and proceeded to open them one after the other, and inspect the contents. She commenced with the trunk of the person whom she most suspected, namely, a dairy-maid named Red Biddy (so called from the color of her hair), and who she had hired at the recommendation of her son, some time before. This girl was forward in her behavior, and although no serious misdemeanor could be laid to her charge, still her mistress had quietly determined to get rid of her when her half year's term was out. Poor Mrs. Sullivan trembled when the key was applied to this girl's box, for she thought she saw confusion in her face, and she feared that she would have to pronounce her guilty. But no—the box was searched to the bottom, and nothing was found there that could in the least implicate her. All the girl said when the search was concluded and the key of her box again handed to her, was: "I hope, ma'am, you'll be as particular with every one as you were with me." The search then proceeded, and in order to show strict impartiality, the next person's box opened was that of Livy Sullivan, the daughter of the accuser. Nothing was found in it, either, and then came Gil O'Donahoe's, Murty Malone's, those of two other servant maids, and finally that of Rose Revel herself. Indeed both Mrs. Sullivan and the good priest were inclined to leave that unopened, as a special compliment to the owner, and they might have done so, were it not for the murmurs of Red Biddy, who said under her breath: "It's good to be a favorite, bedad, and yet many a cat drinks the cream that is never suspected." As Mrs. Sullivan overheard this, she resolved to prove Rose's innocence, and then to tax the maid with her ill nature. Accordingly, the key was applied, and at first nothing whatever was found. But when Mrs. Sullivan reproved Red Biddy for what she had said, and was about to close down the lid, the girl said: "It's not likely, ma'am, your money walked off without hands, and may be if you'd take a little more pains with your search, and begin with Rose again, you'd find who the real magpie was; for my part, I'm ready to have my box knocked to pieces, for *it* contains no secret places."

Rose was too indignant at the girl's coarseness to reply to these hints; neither was there time, for just then the searcher opened a little side-pocket in the trunk, out of which were taken three or four parcels, containing bank notes, amongst which was the identical five-pound note lost by Mrs. Sullivan within the last few days.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Letter of Rev. Dr. Cahill.

In noticing the constant periodical changes of the Protestant Church there is no intention whatever to offer the smallest offence to Protestants themselves. On the contrary, the writer of this article has never intentionally uttered a word to wound their conscientious feelings or to ridicule their honest religious convictions. The person who would be guilty of this reproachable discourtesy most have forgotten that a Protestant Parliament commenced, in the decline of the last century, the concession of our lost liberties; granted the power of the franchise; gave leave to acquire property; made laws for the endowment of Maynooth; permitted an eqality with themselves in several offices of the State, and finally passed the act of Catholic Emancipation. To these cases of fixed legislation can be added, in modern times, the generous facts, so anxiously, so gratefully recorded by Catholics—namely, that valuable sites for our schools, large parcels of land for our convents, churches, and princely donations for all our public charities, are every day bestowed throughout Ireland to the Catholic Bishops and people of the Protestant aristocracy, and in many instances by the Protestant Bishops and clergy. In speaking of the Protestant Church, therefore, the argument is entirely directed against their incongruous doctrines, their annual discrepancies, and above all against the enormity, the injustice of their revenues, as well as the intolerance and persecution of their discipline.

At first sight it might appear strange that Catholic writers should express such determined opposition to Protestant doctrines, or oppose with such unceasing industry the exorbitant wealth and unappeasable intolerance of the Church Establishment. The answer is, that as the confiscation, the plunder, of all our ancient churches and monastic institutions have been exacted in the name of the one, and the principal social and political misfortunes of Ireland have been inflicted by the other, it becomes the duty of every advocate of Catholicity, of every lover of his country, to expose and denounce this combined system of infidelity and oppression. By the united efforts of our ecclesiastical scholars we have raised throughout Europe, by an untiring and learned publication, a cry of shame and contempt against its incongruous tenets; and we have enlisted the sympathies of the civilized world in an expression of horror against the cruel inflictions practised upon long suffering Ireland during centuries of woe by this relentless confederacy. The past political temper of England has, no doubt, in past times devised and executed severe laws against our liberties; but it was the ecclesiastical element that sharpened the sword, nerved the arm of the executioner, and plunged the iron into the very depths of our souls.

England has within the last year issued several commissions to investigate blunders of her military commanders, the mistakes of the commissariat, the errors of the clothing and food of the army, and the extravagance of the expenditure of the transport marine. And considering the public discontent which has demanded these instant commissions, how can it be explained that the public indignation, or even the plain mother sense of Englishmen passes over in silent, yet suppressed anger, the inutility, the incongruity, the failure, and the multitudinous enemies of the Church Establishment. On next Friday the Reformation, as it is called, will have completed the three hundreth year of its age. It is useful thus to celebrate its birthday in order to contrast its green youth with the aged venerable Catholic Church; thus unwittingly demonstrating its modern origin, its Gospel novelties, its palpable illegitimacy, and avowed usurpation. During this long period it has never been able to devise a fixed creed; nor has it ever adopted a a court of adjudication on doctrine from which there is no appeal. Without a definite head, without fixed laws, without a fixed creed, without a court of final appeal, it presents claims to public confidence, and respect far and away less than the lowest courts of judicial law known in any country in Europe. If such a court is not invested with the ordinary securities recognized in our magisterial or petty sessions benches, how can it be a tribunal competent to settle the laws of Revelation and of the salvation of the soul?

Again, during this period it has not been able to retain its original congregation. With the aid of the learning of its universities; with its enormous revenues; with its aristocracy; its influence; its prestige; its press, it has lost its followers. Its churches are empty; and the Unitarians, the Infidels, the Methodists, and the Catholics, have their ranks increased by an annual desertion from the ranks of this Babel of heterodoxy. The records of all her colonies attest the fact that this church has never converted one foreign island, or one foreign congregation. On this point, at least, she can produce no evidence of her divine mission! The failure would, on the contary, go to prove that Heaven has not even once been attentive to her prayers for the conversion of her colonies. Ireland can be introduced in this passage with invincible effect, since after all the efforts which could be made for three hundred years, by power, money, stratagem, flattery, perfidy, persecution, poor Ireland, like an aged fond mother, has all her children clinging to her breast, with her courage unabated, her ranks still unbroken; with the exception of some few renegades who, having betrayed their country, sold Christ for gold and drunk perjury and perdition out of the same sacrilegious cup. The fable of the sick kite will best explain the cause why this church never made a convert of one of her colonies: "A kite had been sick a long time, and finding there was no hopes of recovery, begged of his mother to go to all the churches and religious houses in the country, to try what prayers and promises would effect in his behalf. The old kite replied: Indeed, my son, I would willingly undertake anything to save your life; but I have great reason to despair of doing you any service in the way you propose; for, with what face could anything be asked of the gods in your name; one whose life has been a continued scene of rapine and injustice; and who has not scrupled upon occasion to rob the very altars themselves."

Cobbett, in his "Reformation," has calculated the revenues of the Church Establishment in Ireland, England and Wales; and they had amounted to the extravagant annual injustice of eight millions and a half pounds sterling! O'Connell, taking up this estimate made out by Cobbett, calculated the amount paid by all the kingdoms of Europe to their respective churches and clergy, and he showed that the tithes paid in Great Britain and Ireland were considerably more than the revenues of all the other denominations taken in the aggregate. Assuming, therefore, this principal to be put to interest three hundred years ago at 3 1-2 per cent.; and calculating again the facts that this principal will about double itself in every thirty years, it will follow that after ten such doublings in the three hundred years referred to, the aggregate sum will be £6,656,000,000; that is, six thousand six hundred and fifty-six millions of pounds sterling! that is more money than is at present, or perhaps ever will be, found on the entire surface of the globe. How strange that this sum has been expended on a congregation who are still straying away and joining conventicles without a name, without influence, without blood, position, or one shilling of their own.

How pitiable to see people led astray by this reckless Establishment; their faith effaced; their morality a scandal; their habits brutalized; and their noble hearts effected with the characteristic bigotry of their profession. Seeing the total degradation into which the lower classes have fallen—as exemplified by their murders, suicides, poisonings, abortions; and learning from governmental reports that six millions and upwards of the population frequent no place of worship on Sundays, the former and present British Cabinets have taken up this forlorn case. Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Argyle, and several others of less note, have spread themselves through England, and called public meetings of the working classes. At these meetings, the audience is called on to hear speeches on "social science," two pretty words, indeed; but which mean—"any employment that can keep them from the bestial immoralities and the stunning crimes of the country!"

Lord Macauley declares "that the lower classes are savages and Pagans."

Lord Palmerston says "that, in England, there is a spiritual destitution more grinding than a material famine."

Lord John Russell asserts "that there is a religious waste in England, almost beyond the power of reclamation."

Mr. Gladstone thinks "that declamation, elocution, and essays on poetry, and loud reading in each other's houses in the evening, is an excellent practice to cultivate the morbid mind of the working classes."

Except that we are *convinced* that these speeches were actually delivered by the cabinet ministers and others, one would suppose he was reading some absurd romance! But so it is. John Bull must no longer frequent the beer-shop, or the skittle ground; he must now learn to dance, to sing, to recite poetry, to read aloud, to deliver Canning's speeches for his wife and children; to work sums in Gough's arithmetic, and do such other astounding things, that no other such amusing capers of the cabinet ministers have occurred in Great Britain since the far-famed crusade of the hundred preachers coming to Ireland to convert the nation in one day! The Church has failed to teach the public mind; the Bible Societies are at a discount; and hence the Cabinet have changed the practice of praying; and are determined to try if they can *dance* the nation into morality and faith.

Concomitantly with this Cabinet freak is the new Church creed, said to be ready for publication early in the next year, 1859. This new creed is nothing more than a religious conference of all creeds; the same as lately took place in Prussia. It is like the *exhibition of all nations* as planned and carried out by Prince Albert. And the idea is that whatever is seen to be good in the foreign creeds may be adopted in England; and a creed complete in all its parts will soon be published for the improvement and the evangelization of the people of England!

In fact the nation is run mad. The Bible Societies have nothing to do; the Church has fallen; the soil is flooded with crime; and the ministry are trying to stop the deluge by a dodge, and a harlequinade which must also fail, and still further expose the degraded state of English education and English morality.

D. W. C.

CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES IN FRANCE.

I was much struck, in the course of my rambles through a large portion of the French territory, with the general and remarkable appearance of abundance and plenty which seemed almost everywhere to prevail. The whole country, whether westwards as far as Cherbourg, as through the central provinces and the south, and back again by the eastern departments, literally teemed with its fruit of increase under the beneficent influences of a highly productive season; and it was impossible to mistake the general air of *bien-etre* and contentment which pervaded all classes of the population. Bread, that staff of life, in the fullest sense of the term, to the French *ouvrier*, and on which he may still be said almost to breakfast, dine and sup, has once more sunk even below its usual level as to price, while in quality it far surpasses what for some years past its consumers in the provinces have been accustomed to. Loaves of the dimensions of King Arthur's round table were of such lightness and excellence that you might lift them between your finger and thumb; and the tariffed price of household bread, of unexceptionable quality and fabrication, rarely exceeded twenty-five centimes, or 2 1-2d. the kilo, of about 2lb. 5oz. English weight. It did one good to see the prodigious wedges of their favorite material with which even the poorest laborers sat themselves down in the shed at noon to recruit after a long morning's exposure to the broiling sun of the plains of the Bourbonnais or La Bresse. It was wonderful, too, to observe how small a portion of animal food still sufficed among the rural population for the consumption of so vast an amount of farinaceous matter, and how a bit of sausage no bigger than your thumb was eked out to the end of a loaf a hundred times its dimensions. Nothing seemed wanting to complete the satisfaction of the consumers, save a somewhat ampler supply of their favorite beverage in the shape of *vin ordinaire*. But, unfortunately, for the last few years there has been small danger of these poor fellows incurring the blame of Prince Hal's sarcasm of "one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack." The allowance has fallen far short of what climate, habit and the nature of their food alike render essential. At present, however, the abundant promise of the vineyards enables them to supply its place by a sort of *vin de menage*, or wine juice, which is manufactured by pouring water upon grapes and slightly pressing them as required. Baskets of fruit of a common quality were everywhere selling in large quantities for this purpose, the price varying from two to three francs for a basket as large as one could manage to lift from the ground with both hands. The absence of wine is also much compensated for this year by the unwonted abundance of fruit of every description. The appearance of the early morning markets was altogether extraordinary in this respect. No further south, for instance, than Orleans, the luxuriance of the fruit season displayed itself most remarkably. The market-place was literally rendered impassable by the piles of grapes, peaches, melons, and other descriptions of fruit which lay strewn in heaps on every side, and were offered at prices which would have made the occupants of Covent garden stare. The peasantry were streaming over the bridge of the Loire into the city, bearing on their backs huge panniers of grapes hanging down in rich clusters and telling their own tale of the difference of climate and sunshine between *la bell* France and England. Even fruits which are usually of a somewhat scarcer description appeared this year to be equally abundant and attainable. Peaches were particularly fine, and of astonishing cheapness. I bought one in the market of Orleans for four sous, measuring six inches and a half in circumference, and of a beauty of growth and appearance, and of a flavor, which rendered it fit to set upon the table of a prince. Good specimens were selling commonly at the rate of two for one sou in detail, and still lower to wholesale dealers.—*Correspondent of the London Guardian.*

THE WILL OF THE LATE D. DEMPSEY, OF MACON, GA.

Messrs. Editors:—Having noticed in several papers an absurd statement relative to the will of my dear father, I am reluctantly compelled to come out thus publicly to contradict the report which I am sorry to see has been published in most of the journals of the country, viz.: That he bequeathed nearly all of his property to the Catholic Church at the solicitation of the Catholic Priest of this city.

No man loved his family more than did my dear father. Midst the snow forests of Canada and under the scorching summer sun of the South, he labored incessantly for more than 30 years for the benefit of his family. Having been left an orphan at a very early age in Ireland, his native land, he commenced his mercantile career in that country, and was more than sixty years engaged in active business. Fourteen times did he cross the Atlantic, and midst the storms of the ocean and perils by land, his heart and soul, next to his duty to his Maker, were devoted to making his family independent and above the cold charity of the world.

As his clerk and partner in business, I well knew the integrity, morality and honesty of his character, and though not disposed to make much public show of his piety, he loved the truly good and pious. Though frequently exposed to the insidious infidelity of the age, he was strong in faith of his blessed Saviour, and his last moments were calm and happy—grateful to his Maker for his success in life and for a long life with scarce a day's illness. He died in the full profession of the Catholic faith and received its holy sacrament, and was attended by the Pastor of this city, Rev. J. Hassen, who informed me his last days were peculiarly happy and peaceful, and indicative of the reward which awaits the faithful Christian.

Farewell, dear father, your approving smile nor your sympathizing tear will no longer greet us on earth; our best friend is no more! My dear father had made his will some years previous to his demise, and bequeathed all his property to his family without any public or religious donation, and accompanying is the certificate of the Ordinary of our county.

Will those editors who published the report and commented on it (and thus inadvertently probed the bleeding wound of a sorrowing family) in vindication of the memory of my dear father—also to remove the impression relative to the pastor of this city, now absent on a mission in a neighboring State, than whom a more amiable, kind and talented man exists not in the State—will they please publish this statement for the sake of truth and justice?

Thomas C. Dempsey,
only son and sole Executor of the Will.

[CERTIFICATE.]

Georgia, Bibb County, } *Ordinary's Office,* Nov. 24th, 1858.

I, William T. Massey, Ordinary in and for said county, do hereby certify that the last Will and Testament of Dermod Dempsey, deceased, has been duly proven before me, and that by said Will he bequeathed all his property to his family.

Given under my hand and official signature,
W. T. Massey, Ordinary.

—*Weekly Georgia Telegraph.*

A New Article of Commerce.—A commission merchant in Memphis, Tenn., received a number of packages from St. Louis recently, containing dead human bodies consigned, through his care, to certain parties in Nashville. They are intended, doubtless, for the dissecting knife of the medical students up there. We make a notice of the shipment of this new article of commerce, as it is a hopeful indication of the revival of the Fall business.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

Lecture of the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell, of Montreal,

ON THE

EARLY IRISH CHURCH.

A lecture on the above subject was delivered for the benefit of the St. Patrick's Literary Association, Montreal, and was attended by over a thousand persons.

On the platform we observed the Very Rev. Mr. Grauet, Superior of the Seminary, (who presided); Rev. Mr. Bentley, Montreal College; Rev. Messrs. Hogan and Halley, with the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, Director of the Association; and G. E. Clerk, Esq.

The Rev. lecturer was introduced to the audience by the President of the Association, T. D. McGee, Esq., M. P. P. He said:

To speak of the glories of our own old land, to enumerate some of her eminent children, and to point out some of the beautiful gems which shine most brightly in the crown with which fame has enriched her brow, such is the subject of this evening's lecture. It will not, I am sure, appear strange to any one that Irishmen should love to speak about Ireland. There is a spell in one's native land, there is a power in the sound of her name which acts like magic on the soul, which makes the heart of the coldest burn with a holy fire, which infuses into the weakest a heroism till then unknown to them, and which, when whispered into the ear of the exile, recalls to his memory all the fond recollections of his childhood, hopes once glorious, but now crushed; happiness once enjoyed, now departed, perhaps for ever. It is a strange feeling this love of our native land, which accompanies us through all the stages of our existence, which gives its own hue and color to our thoughts, our inspirations and our acts, which become, in fine, a part of our very nature, and ceases not but with the term of our existence. It is not exactly that one's country is rich, or powerful, or prosperous, that this love grows up in our souls!—no, we love it for certain associations which the mind readily perceives, but which the tongue is not always able to explain, and poverty and distress serve often but to strengthen the bond which connects us with it. The Swiss mountaineer stops not to examine whether his country be superior or not to the vast empires that surround it; he knows full well that it is less favored in many respects by nature, and yet he loves it beyond all lands, and in its ruggedness and barrenness he discovers beauties which outweigh in his eyes all the glories of the Universe. And so it is with us, we love the memory of our country, we love it for its green fields and hills, we love it because it was the dwelling place of our fathers, because it was the home of our young affections, and the centre of our early joys; we love it for our plays in childhood, and our more serious occupations in riper years; but above all we love it because of the old religion which it has bequeathed to us as the best inheritance we could receive from our fathers. True, indeed, we live in a strange land, and many are the duties which we have to fulfil towards it; but our affections and our love for the country of our adoption will never be lessened by the love which we still bear for the home of our childhood; we cannot, if we would, eradicate this feeling, but our hearts are large enough for the two loves, and whilst we cherish the memory of Ireland, we shall always prove by our conduct that we love Canada too. As I have just told you, many are the ties that bind our hearts to "the old land," but there is one far stronger than all the rest, and which possesses peculiar charms for us—it is the Irish Church. What a host of remembrances start up at the name; joys and sorrows, struggles and conquests are strangely intermingled in her history. As we turn over the pages of Irish annals, two distinct histories present themselves to our view, viz.: the history of the State and the history of the Church; the former saddens, the latter consoles us. In the first, no doubt, we can number many deeds of surpassing heroism, many bright names crowned with glory that grace the pages of our political annals. We can mention, as we often do with pride, the names of some celebrated victories at home, and others equally glorious in the land of the stranger; we can recall Clontarf, the Blackwater, the Yellow Ford, the Pass of Plumes, and the old walls of Limerick to bear witness to Irish valor. We can point out the chivalrous names of O'Neill and O'Donnell, Sarsfield and O'Brien; and yet all this array of glory cannot conceal the long succession of woe and shame, of dissension and distrust, of defeat and dishonor, which was entailed upon the country by the misconduct of her own children. The names that I have cited are like solitary stars that twinkle amidst the universal darkness, and which perhaps may have borrowed some portion of their lustre from their contrast with the obscurity in which others lay enveloped; they are like some lone torches that but serve to render the surrounding wilderness still more black and desolate. Not that I mean in the slightest degree to diminish the glories of the heroes of our isle, or to tarnish the proud laurels which they wear so well; oh! no, I love them with all the ardor of an Irish heart, and my only regret is that their number should be so small or that their example should have operated so feebly on the minds of their countrymen as not to have infused into the hearts of others the heroic fire with which their own burned, and made all unite as one man against the enemies of their native land. But happily this is not the whole of Irish history; there is one portion of it at least which we can contemplate without blushing for our forefathers—the *History of the Irish Church*. We can behold the beautiful proportions of this great edifice; we can look upon its different parts, and we will have reason to admire the solidity, the fitness and the beauty which characterize each one of them. We will behold it little and humble in the beginning, but day after day increasing in size and majesty, until it filled the whole land with the fruits of its institutions. Ah! this is a theme which bears no shame with it, we see here no supine indifference for the public good, no flinching before the common foe, no crouching beneath the feet of foreign despotism—but we see the long and heroic struggle of principle against passion, of liberty against tyranny, of purity against licentiousness. The green fields were reddened with the blood of the slain, and the gallows became slippery with the martyrs' gore, and yet the Irish Church trembled not; her brow grew pale with suffering and sorrow, but her loveliness departed not from her; her limbs waned weak and seemed almost powerless to sustain her, yet the blood that gave animation to her heart was always ready to be poured out in torrents for the creed and the religion which she had received from their founders. This then, gentlemen, is the subject which I propose to review in this evening's lecture. The preceding remarks, although I am afraid too long and too tedious, will explain the reason why on this, the first occasion on which I have the pleasure of appearing before you, I made choice of such a subject. I considered that as the "St Patrick's Literary Association" is but just entering on its career, which we all hope will be a long and a glorious one, we ought to begin the regular series of lectures by some remarks upon what should be dearest to all our hearts, our religion, and our country. I thought, too, that such lectures would be well within the scope of a literary association, since the history of the Irish Church, at least in its palmy days, is also the history of learning and science, which, when banished from almost every other country of Europe, found a safe asylum in her bosom. Finally, I thought that it would be strange to begin to lecture on the history, or prospects of other lands, before we knew that of our own. But I found upon further meditating upon the matter, that it would be absolutely impossible to give anything like an adequate idea of our history in one lecture: I have therefore divided it into three parts, each of which will furnish matter enough for a separate lecture. In the first, St. Patrick will be the leading figure, around which we will group all the glories of the brightest period of our history; in which we will glance at the monasteries, the schools, the universities, and other monuments of learning and of piety, founded by the children of the Irish Church. This period is of conquest and of victory. The second will be one of struggle and conflict. St. Laurence O'Toole will be the personage whose life and labors will form, as it were, an abridgment of the troubles and sufferings of the Irish Church, under the Danes, and at the English invasion. Finally, the third epoch, one of torture, of confiscation and of martyrdom, will be fitly represented by Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, and last martyr for the faith in the British dominions. Thus St. Patrick, or the Victory, will be the subject of the first lecture; St. Laurence O'Toole, or the Struggle, will form that of the second, and Oliver Plunkett, or the Martyrdom, will be the third. My hope is that whilst we contemplate those different scenes, we will feel our hearts dilate with a noble pride at still professing the same doctrines for which our fathers have bled, and that we will esteem as our richest treasure that faith which binds us to the past, which unites us with the illustrious men who have gone before us, and which brings to us as our inheritance the glory, the achievements, the nobleness, the patience, the suffering of fourteen hundred years.

When the greatest part of the then known world followed the fortunes and submitted to the power of the Roman arms, when Britain itself, nothwithstanding its remoteness, was forced to become a province of this vast empire, Ireland still remained in full enjoyment of its freedom, and, like a lone sentinel, was left to witness the destruction of the liberty of her neighbors. Protected by her insular situation, and still more by the intestine tumults of the Romans, she long continued to harass and annoy the slothful inhabitants of England, then called the Roman Isle. Yet even then when non-subjection to the Romans was sufficient to procure for her the title of "Barbarous Isle," the name of Ireland had pierced even to Greece and Asia, and strange as it may appear in her then Pagan condition, she was decorated even by strangers with the flattering epithet of "Sacred Isle." It is not easy to discover why she was thus designated; we have so few documents concerning those times, all that we can do is to proceed by conjecture. Some, amongst whom I may reckon Dr. Lingard, imagine that it comes from a Greek corruption of the name of Erin, which would be changed into *ega*, signifying "sacred," but this explanation is not very satisfactory, since it was by the Latins, not Greeks, principally that the term *sacra insula* was employed. Others, with much more probability, think that it came from the fact that Ireland was the chief centre for the Druidical superstition universally prevalent among the nations of Celtic origin. As a proof of this we may adduce the numberless monuments that history has preserved, many of which last even to our own day, all attesting the devotion of the ancient Irish to the religion of the Druids. There were the sacred groves where the Druids met, and the consecrated wells; the cairns or large heaps of stones, the circles of upright stones surrounding the altar, such as may still be seen at Stonehinge, in England; the tomb altars called Cromlech, destined alike for sacrifice and for burial; the pillars covered with the Ogham inscriptions, evidently the sacred or mysterious language of the Druidic priests; the round towers about which so much has been written, and so little positively known, but which for their structure, their position and their number, were most likely destined as fire temples dedicated to the worship of the sun; finally, the very language of the people, the letters of which present the singular fact of signifying each a different kind of tree, a fact to be accounted for only on the supposition that they came from the Druids, who, living constantly in the midst of woods and forests, could conceive no objects more natural or more interesting than the trees by which they were surrounded. Add to these the fact that even yet many of the towns, and hills, and plains of Ireland bear in their names unmistakable evidence of the heathen worship which was formerly celebrated there; and that some of the days of the year which in Irish still retain their Pagan name, such as the first of May, still called "La beil teine," day of Baal's fire, and you have sufficient proof that Ireland merited the title of "Sacred Isle," from the pre-eminence which it enjoyed as the centre of the heathen worship for the Celtic nations, and as the chief school whither students from Gaul and Germany used to flock to study the rites and ceremonies of Druidism. But why dwell upon this fact. First, that you may better understand the difficulties which must have attended the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, and secondly, to point out the remarkable circumstance that Ireland, whether Pagan or Christian, should deserve to bear the title of "Holy Isle," and that her Pagan pre-eminence should thus be indicative of the far brighter glory which was to surround her in after times when the light of the Gospel had shone upon her shores.

But to proceed. The insular position of Ireland and her freedom from the yoke of the Roman arms, were the causes why some centuries should have elapsed before the religion of the Redeemer was preached to her people. Some, indeed, have pretended that from the earliest ages Ireland had been visited by Apostolical men; nay, even by St. James or St. Paul in person. But though we reject these stories as being without any solid foundation, it cannot be denied that before the arrival of St. Patrick there were many to be found in different parts of Ireland, but especially along the southern shores, professing and practicing the religion of Christ.

When St. Palladius was ordained by Pope Celestine to preach the Gospel to the Irish he was sent, as the old chronicle states, "to the Scots believing in Christ," which certainly supposes that the Christian religion had made some progress in the country. But from where came these early Christians, and by whom had they been converted? It is probable that they were converted by the merchants who frequented the southern coasts, and, perhaps, too, many Christians from Spain or other countries, then persecuted by the Roman Emperors, may have fled thither, to practice their religion without fear or constraint. Ledwich and several of our modern Protestant writers have maintained that they had received their knowledge from Asiatic missionaries, consequently, as they add, held no communion with the See of Rome. And this assertion, absurd as it is in all its details, is but the first link of that long chain of falsehoods which have been fabricated in order to prove that our early Irish Church was entirely independent in all spiritual matters of the Pope of the Universal Church. It is a strange thing how men's minds can be so led astray by preconceived opinions, or some dearly loved theories, as to be willing to overturn the entire edifice rather than abandon the system which appeared to them so brilliant and pleasing; but stanger still is the blindness which hinders them from beholding the ruin and disorder, which their opinions, if once admitted, would inevitably bring into the history of the country. They do not see that it matters little whether the early Irish were converted by Asiatic missionaries or by Roman ones, since the faith of both was identically the same, and by both the Sovereign Pontiff was acknowledged to be the successor of St. Peter and the ruler of the Universal Church. But this is not the question which should trouble us; it was not from those early Christians that Ireland received its faith; it was from Patrick, and Patrick received it from Rome. St. Palladius was the first missionary of which history makes mention, that was sent to the Irish shores; he was ordained by Pope Celestine, and set out about the year 430, or about the beginning of 431, for his distant mission. But success did not crown his labors, he was opposed by some native princes, and after less than a year's stay in the country was forced to abandon his work and proceed to Scotland.

The old writers pithily remark that it was not Palladius but Patrick that should convert Ireland. Patrick, who was in Rome when the tidings of the failure of Palladius arrived, was then chosen to succeed him. He was well qualified for his mission by his knowledge of the country, where he had sojourned for a long time, having been twice led captive there, and by the ardent desire which he felt for it in consequence of a vision which he had had some years before, in which it seemed to him that the children of Ireland were stretching out their hands to him inviting him to come and dwell amongst them. It would be a noble subject of contemplation to dwell on the departure of Patrick for the scene of his labors. How he must have exulted at the high destiny for which he had been preserved. He, once a captive and a slave, was about to preach in the land of his masters a doctrine which should bring to them a liberty of which they had never even dreamed; he, unarmed and alone, was about to confront a proud and powerful priesthood; he was to preach to a people proverbially tenacious of their old traditions a doctrine entirely opposed to them all. Was there not danger in the attempt? or would he have the glory of being the Apostle to whom countless generations would be indebted for the benefit of regeneration? Some such thoughts as these, we may easily suppose, passed through Patrick's mind as he neared the shores upon which his lot was to be cast. But whether hope or fear predominated in his mind his confidence in God was never shaken, and he resolved to devote his life to his glorious work, no matter whether sunshine or failure attended his labors. It will be unnecessary for me to enter into a detailed account of the saint's missionary labors, you have all heard them many a time; and besides the limits of our lecture forbid us to dwell upon them. Suffice it to mention that after the saint had preached the good tidings of salvation before the monarch and his court at Tara, and the word of the Gospel was received with avidity everywhere. Successively he visited every province in the kingdom, preaching, baptizing, consecrating new churches, founding monasteries, ordaining priests and appointing bishops. With the most indefatigable zeal he traversed on foot nearly every part of the kingdom. In vain did the Druids oppose him by their artifices, in vain had they recourse to their magical spells and incantations, in vain were snares laid for his life, and many powerful princes resolved to repel him from their estates; all in vain, they might as well have tried to stop the course of a mighty river in its onward career towards the ocean, as to have arrested the yearnings and longings which the hearts of the Irish people then felt for the truth which Patrick preached. As the fire traverses the prairie at the end of summer when the grass is long and dry; as the lightning flashes from a cloud announcing the thunder; so did the word which fell from Patrick's lips pass over the land burning and consuming all the old abuses, vivifying and purifying everything upon which it fell. Kings and princes, priests and people, rich and poor, all kneel before that stranger, promising to renounce the gods which they had hitherto reverenced, and to destroy the shrines before which their fathers, as well as they, had knelt in adoration. Thus did the Irish Church, it might be said, grow like the prophet's gourd in the space of one night, or one short life, but not like it did it then wither away. The young plant grew, although no persecution marked its growth; no blood served to moisten the soil from which it sprung; and yet scarcely had it struck its roots into the soil than we see it rising and spreading into a mighty tree, which soon covered the whole land, and in the shade of its branches came to repose themselves all the ardent souls who thirsted after immortality, and all the weary souls who longed to be at rest. And that same old tree is still to be seen in the fields of Erin, and although its foliage may be less rich or luxuriant, and its fruits less abundant, and some of its branches may have been lopped off, its trunk is still as strong, as solid, and as sound as when Patrick watched over its growth; and whilst storms and tempests have rooted up and destroyed many other stately trees in the vineyard of the Lord, they have passed over this one, doing no more injury to it than shaking off some of its leaves, or flowers, or fruits, and causing it, on the contrary, to send its roots deeper into its mother earth, and to twine its tendrils more closely about the soil from which it sprung. But Patrick knew that religion would lose half her empire, unless she obtained the assistance of science. Religion and science have ever been the mottoes of the Catholic Church, and wherever she has carried the light of the Gospel, there has she kindled the fire of knowledge, too. Her enemies have often tried to cry her down as the enemy of learning, the foe of science, but all history stands open to refute the falsehood. There is not a country in Europe that is not indebted to the Church for its schools, as well as for its religious edifices. The missionaries were ever preachers and teachers, frequently the founders not only of the literature but even of the language. The Church has no reason to dread science; she knows that true knowledge can never be opposed to the divine revelation which she received from her founder, and she has faith in him, and as she relies upon his promises that can never fail her, she cannot be afraid of that science which comes also from him. There is a knowledge which she dreads, it is that knowledge which puffs up and inflates the mind with presumption and vanity—that knowledge which makes man forget himself and his eternal destiny—that knowledge which would concentrate man's thoughts exclusively upon earth—that knowledge which is opposed to religion or morality—that knowledge, in fine, which was first taught by the serpent to our mother, Eve, under the tree in Paradise, when he told her "that by eating of the forbidden fruit they should become like God, knowing good and evil." This is the knowledge which she dreads, and against which she warns her children with all her energy, because she well knows there is no greater scourge upon humanity, no greater curse to society, than knowledge and learning united to irreligion and impiety. But true learning that does not combat against its author, learning that is calculated to make a man happier here, more contented with his own lot, and more anxious to alleviate the sorrows of his fellow-man; learning that seeks to promote the interests of religion, of good order and of society, such knowledge has not, and never has had, a more beneficent patron, a more untiring and more zealous advocate than the Roman Catholic Church. Animated with this love of science which he received along with his religion from the Roman Church, Patrick founded schools in different parts of the newly converted country, and as a general rule it may be said that every monastery was in itself a school. But there were some that rose above the others, and even before the close of the fifth century we find eight ecclesiastical seminaries already enjoying a high reputation for the learning, as well as the sanctity, of their inmates. Thus we have the school of Emly, founded by St. Ailbe; of Armagh, by St. Benignus; of Ardagh, by Mel; of Louth, by Morthuis; of Antrim, by Mochay; of Derkan, by Olean; and of Beg Erin, by Ibar. Beg Erin was a small island on the coast of Wexford, and its monastery became so famous that, as we are told in the life of its founder, St. Ibar, not only crowds of native youths flocked there for instruction, but even large numbers of strangers were enticed thither by its fame. Even in this fifth century, even during the lifetime of the apostle, and immediately after his death, the Church of Ireland was distinguished for the learning and sanctity of several of its bishops. St. Ibar we have already mentioned. St. Fierch, the Bishop of Slitty, in the Queen's County, author of a metrical life of St. Patrick, which we still possess; St. Olean, the Bishop of Derkan, in Dalrieda, county of Antrim, and considered the most learned of all those who conducted education in the fifth century; St. Fridolin, surnamed "the traveller," counted amongst the most learned men of his time by many foreign writers. Finally, Sedulius, the Latinized form of our Irish name "Shiel," "Siedhuil," who became distinguished chiefly for his poetry; and several of the Latin hymns which he composed are still retained by the Church in the Breviary. Such are a few of the bright names which even then began to grace the first epoch of the Irish Church; even already they are too numerous to be mentioned, and the lecturer is embarrassed only in regard to the choice which his limited time compels him to make between them. But at the opening of the sixth century choice is impossible, there only remains the possibility of a hasty sketch, merely to delineate what we cannot adequately describe. It was in this century that the Irish Church put forth all her strength, and exulted like a giant in the consciousness of it. She had full scope now for her labors; the monarchs were all Christians, the Druids ceased to be, and no one was there who wished to oppose her progress. The schools were now more than doubled, so that it is impossible even to name them all. I shall content myself with selecting four of the most celebrated, in order that you may have an idea of the literary activity of Ireland during this period. These four are: Clonard, under St. Finnian; Clonfert, under St. Brendan; Clonmacnoise, under St. Kieran, and Bangor, under St. Comgall. Clonard is situated near the banks of the Boyne, in the barony of Moysenrath, county Meath, and its school was founded by St. Finnian in 530. From this school came forth some of the brighest ornaments of the Irish Church: Columbkille, Kieran of Clonmacnoise, Kieran of Suigar, Brendan of Clonfert, Columb of Firdaglass, and many other distinguished men received their education in it. Many strangers, too, repaired thither, not only from Britain, but also from Gaul and other parts of the continent.

The next school was that of Clonfert, near the Shannon, in the county Galway, founded by the celebrated St. Brendan. This school soon rose to the highest rank amongst the literary establishments of the country, and we are told by our ancient writers, that not only was theology studied there, but philosophy, the sciences and general literature of the day were likewise taught there. The school of Clonmacnoise was founded by St. Kieran in 548. Clonmacnoise was situated on the banks of the Shannon, in the barony of Garrycastle, King's County. It received its name from the large number of young noblemen who took refuge within its walls, for Clonmacnoise signifies the retreat of the sons of the nobles. Finally, the celebrated establishment of Bangor, the last to which I shall refer in this century, was founded by St. Comgall in 554. It was situated near the bay of Carrickfergus, county Down, and the place still remains, though shorn of the splendor which environed it formerly. This school became in a short time the most remarkable in Ireland, and, if we may credit our ancient annalist, about three thousand monks were to be once found within its walls. The great St. Columbanus was a student of Bangor. St. Bernard, in the 12th century, pays the following tribute to the ancient renown of the schools of Bangor: "Under its first founder, St. Comgall, Bangor became most illustrious; it was the parent of many thousand monks, and presided over many monasteries; it was a holy place, indeed, and fruitful in saints, whom it brought forth to God with such extraordinary fecundity that Lunanus, one of the children of that saintly institute, is said to have founded and governed 100 monasteries. The affiliations from the parent stock were so numerous that they filled Ireland and Scotland, nor did these holy men confine themselves to Ireland and Scotland alone, but in swarms they spread like an inundation over foreign countries; also of their number was Columbanus, who founded the monastery of Saren, and became there the parent of a mighty family. I have said thus much to commemorate the ancient glory of the monastery of Bangor.

But I should only weary out your patience if I continued to describe the educational establishments that flourished in Ireland during the sixth century, or the eminent men by whom they were conducted, but there are two names which, even at the risk of appearing tedious, I cannot pass over in silence; they are St. Columbkille and St. Columbanus. The first, whose name is inseparably entwined in our recollection with those of St. Patrick and St. Bridget, was the great apostle of the Northern Picts. To him was Scotland indebted for the light of the Gospel; to him was she also indebted for the light of science. By him was schools first opened in the northern and western parts of that country, and by one of his disciples, St. Ardan, was the same benefit conferred on the kingdom of Northumbria. Finally by him was the renowned monastery of Iona established, a monastery that even in its ruins, 1300 years afterwards, appeared so venerable in the eyes of the Protestant, Dr. Johnson, that he burst into the following exclamation: "that that man was little to be envied whose patriotism would remain cold on the plains of Marathan, or whose piety would not grow warmer amidst the ruins of Iona." And when some short time before his death he returned to visit his native shores, he was able to save from destruction the famous institution of the bards and poets, then persecuted by the reigning monarch. St. Columbanus, the best known to strangers of all our Irish saints, was one of the most extraordinary men of his time. I will not dwell long upon the details of his life, they are sufficiently well known; my object is to draw your attention to some of his works and writings, by which you will be able to judge of the progress which science had already made in the Irish schools. In his celebrated letter to Pope Boniface IV., he displays the most familiar acquaintance with Greek and Latin writers; in his other writings he displays equal ability in mathematical calculations. Now if we remember that St. Columbanus was 44 years of age when he left Ireland, and that during the rest of his life he was too much occupied with his missionary labors, with the controversies in which he was often engaged, to find leisure time for studies, we must conclude that all the learning, all the erudition which Columbanus displays in his writings, was drawn from the Irish schools in which he had first studied. One beautiful passage in his letter to the Pope I cannot help quoting as a most noble tribute to the Irish Church. "We Irish," he says, "are disciples of Sts. Peter and Paul and of all the divinely inspired Canonical writers adhering constantly to the faith and apostolic doctrine among us; neither Jew, heretic or schismatic can be found, but the Catholic faith entire and unshaken precisely as we have received it from you who are the successors of the holy apostles; for, as I have already said, we are attached to the chair of St. Peter, and although Rome is great and renowned, yet with us it is great and distinguished only on account of the Apostolic Chair. Through the two apostles of Christ you are almost celestial, and Rome is the Head of the churches of the world." Such is the language of St. Columbanus in the year 612, addressed to the Sovereign Pontiff; and we, to-night, 1200 years after him, can repeat the same happy boast, that we have the Catholic faith entire and unshaken, precisely as we have received it from our fathers. On the 21st of November, 615, in the 72d year of his age, this great saint breathed his last, and his name has been handed down to us as one of the greatest saints and greatest scholars that Ireland has sent forth from her schools in the sixth century. France remembers him by her ancient Abbeys of Lunueil and Fontaines; and his fame in Italy still lives, not only in the cherished relics at Bobbio—in the coffin, the chalice, the holy staff of the founder, and the strange sight of an Irish missal in a foreign land—but in the yet fresher and more every-day remembrance bestowed upon his name by its association with the beautifully situated town of San Columbano, in the Territory of Lodi, *on a peu de monuments, des 6 et 7 siecles ou l'on trouve plus d'erudition ecclesiastique qu'il y a eu dans les cinq lettres dont on vient de rendre compte. Hist. de la France.* But we may not linger over this century, and we must quicken our pace in passing through the others, if we wish to arrive at the end. Amongst the literary establishments that were founded in the seventh century, we distinguish principally the school of Cork, founded by St. Finbar, in the year 606, that of old Leighlin, county Carlow, greatly enlarged, if not founded by St. Laserian, under whom in a few years the monastery contained 1,500 monks; the school of Taghmon, in county Waterford, directed by the great St. Fintan Munner; and, lastly, the greatest of all, the school of Lismore, founded by Cartagh about the year 633, in the barony of Coshmon, and on the south side of the river Blackwater, county Waterford. It is astonishing how rapidly the school, at first little and poor, rose to the highest degree of fame and renown. Bede tells us that great numbers of young men from England used to go to Lismore, where they were most generously supplied with clothes, food and instruction gratuitously; and in a Latin poem by a learned man named Bonaventure Norom, we are informed that strangers from Gaul, Germany, Italy, the regions of the Danube, and the banks of the Rhine, all by different paths, but leading to the same end, came annually to Lismore. During this century the number of distinguished literary men is not inferior to that of the preceding century; St. Cummian heads the list. In the famous Pascal Controversy he took a distinguished part against the Irish mode of celebrating their Easter, and in support of the Roman practice, he brought an amount of learning, skill in languages, mathematical precision that would be admirable in any age, but was absolutely astonishing for the age in which he lived, surrounded on every side by such ignorance. He shows a deep knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew; he examines accurately the different cycles, or astronomical systems used for the computation of Easter; he quotes a number of Greek and Latin fathers in support of his opinion; and as all this was done in Ireland, and after having studied in Irish schools, we may form an idea of the progress and advancement which science continued to make within their walls. Then comes St. Virgilius, Bishop of Saltsburgh, in Germany, who is considered to have discovered the Antipodes, and to have first admitted that the earth was a sphere, and then, by a natural deduction, that there were people living at the other side of it. He was denounced to Pope *Zachary* for this opinion, as if he had said "that there were other men upon the earth for whom the Redeemer had not died;" but that the Pope found nothing to blame in the doctrine of Virgilius, appears from the fact that soon after he was raised to the See of Saltsburgh, and in 1233 was canonized by Pope Gregory IX. In the eighth century lived Dungal, "the Irish exile," as he always styles himself, who wrote a very clever letter, for the time, to Charlemagne, on two solar eclipses that were said to have been observed in 810. In this same century flourished Clemens and Albinus, two Irishmen, whose singular story show that they had that quality which has ever been so characteristic of our countrymen, love of humor and of fun. I will tell it to you in the words of the old chronicler. When the illustrious Charles (Charlemagne) began to reign alone (about 771) in the western part of the world, and literature was almost everywhere forgotten, it happened that two Scots, from Ireland, came over with some British merchants to the shores of France, men incomparably skilled in human learning, and in the Holy Scriptures. As they produced no merchandise for sale, they used to cry out to the crowds flocking to purchase: "If any one is desirous of wisdom, let him come to us, and receive it, for we have it to sell." Attracted by this singular announcement crowds flocked around them to listen. Soon the rumor reached Charlemagne's ears, by whom the strangers were invited to his Court. Both of them were soon afterwards entrusted with high charges. Clement remained in France to superintend the education of a number of the young French nobles. Albinus was sent to Pavia, to direct a monastery of Augustinians.

Such, ladies and gentlemen, is a short and hasty sketch of the early Irish Church. I have done no more than present you with a small specimen of her labors and institutions, and yet I hope it has sufficed to give you an idea of the ancient glory which surrounded her. You see that in every age, from Patrick's time down to the invasion of the Danes, and even during the troubled century that succeeded, the Irish Church continued to advance in beauty, in strength, and in wisdom before God and men; that everywhere her genial spirit shed a benign influence, and that not only did she supply her own children and her own lands with all the fruits of science and of sanctity, but in the generosity of her heart she went forth to foreign nations to enrich them with her benefits, and to scatter with a noble profusion her favors upon all. Her children were to be met with everywhere; by the pleasant banks of the Tiber and the Arno, under the glowing sky of delightful Italy, on the distant shores of Norway and Iceland, in Germany, in Prussia, in Switzerland, everywhere the footprint of the Irish missionary is to be found. And yet our conceptions of the glory of the early Irish Church will be very dim after all, if [we take not into account the condition of the rest of Europe during that same period. No doubt that glory was very great, even when considered by itself, but if we compare it with the darkness, the ignorance, the degradation of the other countries of the Continent, it will appear absolutely surprising. Have you ever watched the effects of the descent of the mountain torrents, when swollen by the winter's rain; they rush impetuously down the mountain side, sweeping away every obstacle in their course, inundating the fields, overturning the barriers, and carrying ruin and desolation in their track; or you may have heard of the avalanche, when the snow, detached from the top of the Alps, rolls down, increasing at every moment, and accumulating about it fresh masses, until at length it buries whole villages beneath it. Even such, and more terrible still was the inundation that swept over Europe, when the frozen North sent forth her myriads to avenge the blood of the martyrs upon Pagan Rome. On they come, nothing can resist them; like a hurricane they sweep over Europe; the whole world seems to be at an end; a new world seems about to spring into existence, but the travail will be a long and a painful one. Amidst all this turmoil and confusion; amidst the din of war and the clash of arms; amidst the exulting cries and songs of the victors, and pitiful shrieks and groans of the vanquished; amidst rapine and bloodshed, and murder, where will science and learning find a retreat? Shall she look for it on the Continent? Shall she hope to soften these fierce barbarians, before their passions have had time to cool down, whilst the struggle still continues between the old races and the new? No, no, there is little hope for her amongst the ferocious Goths or fiery Franks, or the Huns, still fiercer than either. But yet the lamp of science shall not go out; Providence will provide a resting-place for it. Ireland shall be the beacon light to guide the world during this dreary night. Protected by her insular situation from all the troubles which shook the very foundations of society in the rest of Europe, the Irish Church stood like a sentinel to keep the torch of learning ever burning. Whilst war and the profession of arms were the only occupation that barbarian's notions of freedom and man's dignity would allow, to be enrolled amongst the bands of scholars was the ambition even of Ireland's proudest nobles. Whilst the ignorance of the other countries was so deplorable that the Church in her councils was frequently compelled to decree that none should be admitted to orders who did not know how to read—and very often even this canon was violated—Ireland, from one end to the other, was illumined by a flood of light which rendered such decrees unnecessary for her. Whilst Charlemagne within his vast dominions could scarcely find men sufficiently instructed to be placed at the head of some schools which he had established, Ireland might be said to be one vast school where the desire of learning animated every one, so that it was justly called, "the storehouse of saints and learned men." Therefore was it, Bede tells us, that when any learned or studious man was absent from his own country, it was immediately said that he had gone to Ireland, as the only place where he could hope to increase his knowledge; therefore, too, was it that when any Irishman appeared on the Continent the fact of his coming from Ireland was sufficient to obtain for him the reputation of a scholar, so firmly rooted and so widely spread was Ireland's renown for science and for learning.

Even when the scourge which had so long desolated the rest of Europe came at length to visit her shores; when the Danes came, with fire and sword, to destroy her shrines and her sanctuaries; even then, through her sufferings and sorrows of two centuries, did she still preserve the ancient fame for science and for learning; and her schools were still renowned amongst the nations of Europe, and her halls were still thronged by multitudes from every clime. In the eleventh century we find that most of the schools formerly existing, but which had been destroyed, abandoned during the Danish invasion, were again re-established. And Usher, with admirable learning, has shown that the regular succession of professors of divinity had never ceased in the Seminary of Armagh, even during the roughest times that had fallen upon the land. Amongst other cases that I might cite in proof of this point, I may mention the example of the celebrated Salginus, afterwards Bishop of St. David's, in Wales, "who, moved by the love of study," as we are told by his own son, "set out, in imitation of his ancestors, to visit the land of the Irish so wonderfully celebrated for its learning." But it is time to close this imperfect sketch of our early Irish Church. You will, perhaps, think that I have dwelt too long upon such details, but I trust you will pardon me, for I love those days of old, when our country rejoiced in her freedom, and when she proved, by such brilliant results, what she was capable of acquiring under her own kings. I like to dilate upon this theme, for those who have not read our history imagine that we owe to the stranger all the glory of our land, and that, fortunately for us and our future prospects, the invader came to rescue us from ignorance and barbarism. I love to linger over those glorious trophies of the victories gained by the children of our land, victories which we can scarcely hope to see renewed again. And whilst meditating upon them, and thinking of what has since been her lot, and how much her destiny has been obscured since then, I feel as one who beholds some magnificent ruin which reveals to the eye of the most unobservant, in the massiveness and stateliness of what still remains, how just and noble must have been her primitive proportions. Pleasure and sadness, triumph and sorrow, are thus intermingled in these recollections of early days; the emotions which I experience are like to those of a man who seeks to recall all the little mementoes of a long lost, but still cherished friend; he reviews over and over all the noble qualities, the courage, the learning, the genius, the generosity of him who is now no more, and he finds a melancholy pleasure in making his friends live over again within his memory. So do I, too, feel happy in evoking from their forgotten tombs our great countrymen of early days, and seeing them, as it were, perform over again the heroic deeds that made them so illustrious long ages ago—

> "Thus shall memory oft in dreams sublime,
> Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
> Thus sighing, look through the waves of time,
> For the long faded glory they cover."

It is, alas! but a melancholy pleasure, for, notwithstanding the illusion which the mind loves to create for itself, the sad reality breaks in upon the view, that convinces us that these times are no more, that after ages contrast strongly by their blackness and barrenness with the fresh green hue of those primitive times. Still we can learn, from this first period of our history, this great lesson to be forever treasured up in our memories, that we can be truly proud of our country, for she has done deeds that entitle her to our warmest admiration. She was great and illustrious when the proudest empires of our day were plunged in ignorance and barbarism; she was great when the Frank was struggling for the possession of Gaul, when the Saxons were fighting in England, before Mahomet preached his religion, when Venice had not yet emerged from obscurity. And she may be again powerful and prosperous when the proud nations that now look down upon her may have passed away and naught remain but the memory of their crimes or their tyranny to remind future generations that they once existed. We can draw, too, from this same period this great resolution, worth a thousand others, that we will work and toil to render ourselves worthy of her, that we will avoid everything that might bring shame upon her, and finally, that we will seek, by every means in our power, to improve our minds, to develope the faculties that God has given us, to advance each day in learning and in piety; for thus will we contribute, as far as we can, to restore to her once again the bright and happy days that shone upon her before; thus may we be improved and benefitted by this first period of Irish History; and thus, in our dark and stormy hours, we will not forget ourselves, nor the high destiny that may still await us, as our own bard so beautifully expresses it:

> "Let fate do her worst there are relics of joy:
> Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy,
> Which come in the night time of sorrow and care,
> And bring back the features that joy used to wear,
> Long, long let my heart with such memories be filled,
> Like the vase in which roses has once been distilled,
> You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

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LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

A melancholy accident occurred in the neighborhood of Carrickfergus, by which a young man named Thos. Craig lost his life. It appears that he had gone out shooting in the morning, and, when attempting to pass through a hedge, unfortunately pushed aside some thorns with the butt end of his gun, holding the barrel in his hand. The gun exploded, and the contents were lodged in Mr. Craig's stomach. With great difficulty, and suffering under extreme agony, he managed to crawl over two fields, when he was unable to proceed further. In this condition he was discovered, two hours and a half after the accident, by a woman who was passing the spot. He was immediately conveyed to the residence of Mr. Taylor, where medical attendance was procured, but he expired shortly afterwards.—*Northern Whig.*

Mr. Stewart, the unfortunate gentleman who was so severely injured near the Carrickfergus junction, on the Ballymena railway line, died in the General Hospital from the effects of the injuries he received. The sad event, under such painful and distressing circumstances, is the subject of general regret amongst his numerous friends and acquaintances in Belfast, by whom the deceased was held in high esteem.

S. G. Getty, Esq., Mayor of Belfast, is appointed magistrate of the county Antrim.

A penny bank has been established at Glenarm, the first of its class in Ireland.

Armagh.

Mr. Michael M'Cone, of Armaghbrague, was requested by James Robinson, of the same place, to accompany him to Armagh, to use his influence with their agent in behalf of Robinson. They came to Armagh, accordingly, and having finished their business, they dined together and left town at an early hour to return home. The deceased, who was a stout man, walked as far as Lisnadell, and then got into Robinson's cart. In some time after, when they got about four miles from town, deceased said he would get out of the cart. He did so, but he was no sooner on the ground, than he suddenly became weak, and was assisted to the side of the road, where, to the horror of Robinson, he almost instantly expired.—*Guardian.*

Carlow.

It is known that the Leinster Estates of the Earl of Kenmare have just been sold in the Incumbered Estates Court in order to relieve the extensive estates of Lord Kenmare from all incumbrances. But it may not be generally known that when the tenantry who had no leases of their farms on the lands which were about to be disposed of, heard of the intention to dispose of the property, they waited on Lord Castlerosse, fearing that the Leinster Estates might fall into hands that would dispossess them of their respective holdings. His Lordship, however, with that kindness and good nature for which he is distinguished, soon allayed their apprehensions by granting them leases of thirty-one years, thus lessening the value of the property which was sold immediately afterwards by at least £10 000. Such instances of noble disinterestedness are indeed rare, not only in Ireland, but elsewhere too. What contrast does the munificence of this young nobleman present to the griping selfishness and tyrannical treatment which the tenantry of Donegal receive from their landlords!—*Post.*

Charles H. Doyne, Esq., entertained the tradesmen and laborers employed in the erection of his new mansion near Tullow, on the occasion of their having completed the building, to a dinner, in the dining hall, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. About three o'clock nearly one hundred persons sat down to dinner, which was of a most substantial character. At the termination of the entertainment, Mr. Doyne, who occupied a seat at the upper end of the room, rose to make a few observations. He congratulated the workmen on their having concluded their labors in such a creditable and satisfactory manner, without a single accident having occurred. The building (near the ancient site of St. Austin's Abbey), he observed, was designed, erected and finished by Irishmen. Mr. Doyne's mansion commands a beautiful prospect not only of the town of Tullow, but of the surrounding country, and in the distant foreground a panoramic view of the Wicklow mountains.—*Sentinel.*

Clare.

In this county, says the Clare *Freeman*, we are happy to say, nothing has occurred which would lead us to suppose that agrarian disturbances are likely to become general. As to two or three threatening notices about mock land, which the police found posted up a few days ago in this town, we do not think the slightest importance is to be attached to them. They are, doubtless, the work of some idle person, who has taken that mischievous way of amusing himself; and it is evident the police authorities did not look upon the matter in any serious light, or they would have brought it before the magistrates, of whom there was a meeting on Monday in the Court house.

A Greenland Diver, a very rare and large bird, shot by a gentleman in Kilkee, has been presented to the Limerick Institution. The appearance of this bird donotes an exceedingly severe winter.

Cork.

Some companies of an English Militia Regiment at present stationed in Cork have just been giving the inhabitants of that city a taste of their temper. On Saturday night, it appears, a building in some part of the city took fire, and the valiant fellows of the Staffordshire Militia were drawn up at some distance from the spot—whether for the purpose of "preserving order" or with the design of letting the Cork public see that, notwithstanding the rotting of the British army in India, there was yet a squad or two left to keep Ireland in a state of wholesome terror—we cannot exactly tell, but certain it is that there they were, and moreover that just as if they were going in for the looting of an Indian village and the slaughter of its people, not only were they under arms, but they had their bayonets fixed, and seemed to be in perfect readiness, and something more than readiness, to use them. The *Examiner* tells us that: "They were placed in Academy street, with fixed bayonets, and from the tendency they showed to make use of their weapons, it is quite evident they were hardly fit to be entrusted with them. For when a drunken man attempted to make his way through the line, they not only did not show the patience which old soldiers would have displayed under the circumstances, but actually made thrusts at him with their bayonets." There were English heroes!—trying to stab at the poor drunken fellow who wanted to make his way through the line! But the desire for action manifested by the warriors of Staffordshire had not yet exhausted itself. The *Examiner* continues: "Not content with this they began charging the entire crowd, consisting in great part of women and boys. One gentleman, whose name has been communicated to us, heard some of the soldiers say, '*Damn them—let us be at them!*'" It was well for those brave English fellows that they did not go "at" the women and boys by whom they were surrounded. We venture to say that notwithstanding their bayonets the Cork *men* would very soon be at *them* to some purpose, and the warriors would find themselves in contact with a quality of muscle which is not to be met with in Staffordshire. We have seen a good many of the Militia regiments which since the commencement of the Crimean war have been scraped together somehow in England. They have been sent across here to us from time to time, for what purpose we cannot imagine, unless it was to try the effect of a change of air, which, generally speaking, they looked sadly in need of. If it was by way of ornament to the country they were sent over—certainly there must be a rather queer taste prevailing in the country they came from—and if it was by way of use—well, we shall not hurt their feelings by saying anything on that point. But we can tell, the Staffordshire "braves," who were so very anxious to get "at" the crowd in Cork a few n nights ago, that, if they would put aside their guns and bayonets so that both parties would be equally armed for the fray, we have a most profound conviction that the market women of Cork would beat their whole regiment into the river Lee. And we tell them further, that though they are armed, and the civilians do not appear to be, they would be acting wisely if they would put a little more restraint on their fiery valor for the future, and refrain from charging with fixed bayonets at crowds of Irishwomen and children.—*Nation.*

A fire which, during its duration, has hardly been surpassed in the city, and attended with not only loss of property to a considerable amount to the proprietors, but the throwing out of employment of a great number of hands, took place in Frenchchurch street, at the factory of Messrs. Baker, Simpson & Co., the extensive fancy biscuit manufactorers. A few minutes after the smoke was first discovered, the engines of the Royal Exchange and Atlas companies were brought to the spot by one of the proprietors, but, as is usually the case in this city, they had to wait for nearly an hour, as no water was to be had during this time, and it could only be procured by dispatching a messenger to the water works. The flames spread rapidly, and great fears were for some time entertained that they would attack the adjoining premises. They were, however, happily confined to the factory alone. The fire having originated on the upper loft of the factory, and the lofts being made of planks three inches thick, it was a considerable time before they could be destroyed. The roof and the highest loft were demolished, and some machinery and property on a loft underneath crushed and broken. As far as we can learn, the proprietors were not adequately insured.—*Reporter.*

The Cork *Examiner* says: "A meeting of the Directors of the Athenæum was held, for the purpose of considering if Gavazzi should be permitted to deliver his lectures, as announced, in that building. Upon the representation of his Worship the Mayor that a breach of the peace would probably occur in the event of permission being given, it was decided unanimously to refuse the application of the Padre's friends in this city; and considering that they would not be disposed to make good any damage that might be done to the building, we conceive the Directors have acted prudently."

The farm offices of Mr. Thomas Cotter, of Blossomgrove, Glanmire, took fire, and, notwithstanding the greatest exertions were used to subdue the flames, they continued to burst forth until a late hour in the night. A considerable amount of property was destroyed. On the same night a rick of hay belonging to Mr. Murphy, of Newtown, Glanmire, was set on fire, it is supposed by an incendiary, and totally destroyed. The flames lighted up the country around to a considerable distance.—*Examiner.*

Derry.

At Caheany, Aghadoey, county Derry, on Monday, November 8, a daughter of Mr. James Gilmour, aged nine years, met her death by pushing her head through the bars of an iron gate, and was thus choked to death. When discovered, melancholy to relate, life was extinct.

Mr. R. S. Anderson, solicitor, and brother to Mr. Gear, M.P. for the county of Derry, has been elected the parliamentary representative of South Melbourne, which is the most important constituency in the colony.

Down.

On Wednesday, says the Downpatrick *Recorder*, Mr. Ward held an inquest, in Strangford, on a child named William White, aged two years. The mother left the child in the house alone for about a quarter of an hour, and on her return she found it so burned that it lived but a few hours. This ought to operate as a warning to mothers, and those having charge of children. On the following day, Thursday, the same coroner held an inquest on the body of a man named William Carson, at Strandtown, who was found dead in his bed. The deceased was little more than thirty years of age, and the excessive use of ardent spirits is said to have been the cause of death.

Dublin.

On Monday last the unhappy children of the late John O'Malley were taken from the convent schools of the Sisters of Mercy at Tuam, by Mrs. Jane Robinson and her solicitor. The children wept and screamed and called on the Priest and the good Sisters to save them, but Mrs. Robinson and her attendant attorney caught them up in their arms, and hurried them away, and so ended the case of the O'Malleys for the present—a case which should ever be a warning to Catholics against the danger of mixed marriages. Any reliance on "the law" in these cases is a gross mistake—the law will always be on the side of the Protestant parent, whether that parent be the father or the mother. This has been proved over and over again, before and since the celebrated case of Alicia Race. But law all at one side is nothing new to the Catholics of these countries—it is only "the old, old, story."—*Nation.*

The Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council have issued a proclamation to the effect that the Peace Preservation Act shall apply to, and be in force in and for, the barony of Clandonagh, in the Queen's County.

A fire broke out at Donabate, county Dublin, by which farm property to the value of over a thousand pounds, the property of John Mill, Esq., was destroyed.

Galway.

The Galway (Lever) Transatlantic Company have concluded a contract with Palmer Brothers & Co., ship builders, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the construction of three first-class side-wheel steamers, to be ready for sea respectively in June, July, and August next. The steamers are to be of large capacity, and it is said that a guarantee has been given that they shall be equal to the performance of twenty miles per hour. minimum speed, with a consumption only of 70 tons of coal per day. Mr. Lever had published the following letter, received by him from Lord Clarendon, dated Nov. 23, 1858: "I have to apologize for the delay which, in consequence of my absence from England, has occurred in acknowledging your letter of the 6th instant, enclosing a prospectus of the company established for the conveyance of European mails and passengers *via* Galway to British America and the United States. Since my attention was directed to this important subject several years ago, I have always been of opinion that the advantages of the geographical position of Galway would not be fully recognized until it had been demonstrated that the passage by that route to America could be more quickly performed than by any other. I heartily wish success to the company by whom that fact has now been established, and I beg at the same time to congratulate you upon your connection with an undertaking which promises in many ways to be beneficial to Ireland."

A correspondent from Galway, on whose veracity we rely, assures us, "on undoubted authority, that Lord Bury is negotiating in America for the purchase of the Collins' steamers;" in ordes to place them on the Galway station. A letter from New York, dated New York, November 9, conveys this information to our correspondent, who adds: "These vessels are so well known, that I need not say a word more. The Adriatic made one voyage, which was the shortest on record. She beat the Persia by several hours."—*Packet.*

As the Galway up-train approached the crossing in the neighborhood of Blanchardstown station, three men attempted to cross the line. The police used every means to prevent the rash act, even to the laying hold of them, and by this means succeeded in forcibly detaining two of the three, but the third unfortunate man rushed from their friendly restraint, and fell a victim to his own temerity, the train passing over his body, and producing instant death.

A gentleman has called at our office, says the Galway *Vindicator*, and stated that he saw a reverend gentleman and his assistant distributing Protestant tracts on board soveral vessels leaving the harbor. The clergyman to whom we allude is secretary to the Harbor and Town Commissioners, an extraordinary situation to fill in the midst of a Catholic community.

Kerry.

We see in the last *Gazette* the promotion by brevet, of Major Kempt, senior of his rank in the 1st battalion of the 12th regiment, to be Lieutenant-Colonel in the army. Lieutenant-Colonel Kempt is brother-in-law to our respected friend, Thomas O'Connell, of Tralee.—*Tralee Chronicle.*

An inquest was held in Tralee, on the body of a man named Garret Moore, who was found drowned at the Samphires, close to the lighthouse. A verdict of "accidental drowning" was returned.

The expenses of the late flood will not exceed £1,500 in the county; though it was at first supposed it would reach nearly £7,000.

Kilkenny.

The principal streets of our city, says the Kilkenny *Journal*, were the scene of a very disgraceful row between the police and military. It seems that some soldiers of the 14th Regiment were drinking at Mrs. Maher's public house, in high street, and that a row took place amongst themselves, during which they broke some glass in one of the windows. A little girl belonging to the house ran out and called a policeman, Sub-Constable Timms, who immediately proceeded to James' street police barrack for a few men to assist him in the discharge of his duty. Two men returned with him to Mrs. Maher's, and when they saw that the persons causing the uproar were soldiers, they were about to leave the public house, when one of the soldiers put his back to the door, and dared the police to arrest him or any of his party. The police were, however, not provoked by the challenge, and contrived to get out without further molestation, when they proceeded to the Tholsel. They had no sooner entered the little office, used as a lock-up, than an alarm was given by some one outside, that a person was being murdered. They immediately rushed out, when they were met by ten or twelve soldiers who struck at them with their belts, and inflicted some severe wounds, particularly on Sub-Constable Timms, who received a blew of a belt-clasp in the right eye, injuring it to such an extent as renders it doubtful whether he will ever recover the use of it. The few police who were present could make no defence against such odds, and beat a retreat into the office. His Worship the Mayor was present on the spot, and stood at the door of the office, warning off the soldiers from further violence, when they desisted and proceeded on their way to the barracks. In Rose-inn street they met Sub-Constable Crean and assaulted him without provocation. They struck at him with their belts, and he rushed for shelter as fast he could, pursued by the yelling soldiery till he got into Mr. Callinan's Hotel, when the soldiers dashed in after him, breaking the glass-door, and perpetrating other acts of violence. Crean escaped through the back door, and the military proceeded to John street barrack, and coaxed out Head-Constable M'Laughlin, saying that some civilians were fighting. When he made his appearance, a blow was struck at him, which he fortunately escaped by dashing the door in the ruffian's face. Disappointed of their vengeance on Mr. M'Laughlin, they broke the windows of Mr. Cole's office, which they mistook for a portion of the barracks, and after satisfying their destructive propensities they retired to their barracks.

Limerick.

By the general statement of the funds of the Limerick Savings Bank for the year ending the 20th of November, 1858, returned into the National Debt Office, it appears that the total amount of investments stated technically as "balance on the general account with the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt," amounted to £116,387 18s. This included deposits to the amount of £33,800 16s. 5d. received during the past year. The depositors are chiefly small dealers, farmers and mechanics, and the statement is a gratifying and substantial proof of the gradual and steady advance of the material prosperity of the country, and the increase of thrifty and industrious habits.

Permission has been received by the Board of Trade to open the Limerick and Ennis Railway, and a meeting of the directors was held to take steps for the immediate opening of the line. Of the eight leves crossings objected to, the company will be required to have three bridges built within eighteen months, and the Shannon bridge is considered sufficiently propped for the conveyance of traffic until a stronger one be built alongside of it.—*Chronicle.*

The Recruiting depot, Limerick, has received orders from the War Office to recruit several regiments of the Line at a reduced standard of five feet three inches in height, and thirty-four inches round the chest.

We have heard that the collection at the different Catholic churches in this city, in aid of the schools of the Christian Brothers, produced the sum of £300.

William L. Murphy, of Croom, is gazetted to an Ensigncy in the 12th Regiment.

Meath.

Not very long since, Mr. Murphy, of the Hill of Bree, near Trim, sold a horse (the Black Knight) to his brother-in-law for £45. This gentleman sold him again to Mr. Murphy, of the Grange, for £180. At his sale he was purchased for £225, and re-sold by the gentleman who bought him at that figure for £500 to an officer in the army, in whose possession the horse was some short time, when he was seen and coveted by an English nobleman who bought him for £1,000. We understand this gentleman considers him the best horse in the world.

Roscommon.

Several attempts have been made within the last fortnight at Castlerea, by certain enterprising individuals, at present unknown, to force open the doors, with the intention of plundering the inmates. On the 3d November, they succeeded in getting into Mr. Pat Walsh's shop, which they robbed of over £3, being all the money he left in the till. Again on the following Friday night, they broke into Mr. Denis Rooney's shop, taking away with them £1 18s. 2d., which was laid by in a drawer. On the same night they thought to enter the house of Mrs. Kean, next door to the Post-office, a wealthy Californian, but the noise they made in forcing open the bottom of the door awoke her, when she instantly got out of bed, and told them if they did not decamp that she'd shoot them. They did not wait for a second threat, when, to use her own words, "they were off in a canter." The police are very diligent, and do their duty well, but still they can find no clue to the burglars.

The following sale of lands, at Mr. Littledale's auction rooms, the property of Arthur Browne, took place on the 16th November: Ballinturly, containing 127a. statute measure, yearly rent, £100 per annum, to Mr. James Glancy, for £2,000. Newtown and Turlough, containing 129a. 1r. 16p. statute measure, to Mr. Lynam, for £2,005. Peak, containing 53a. statute measure, yearly rent £35, to Mr. M'Dermott, for £750. Sydenham Davis, Esq., Solicitor.

The November fair of Strokestown was, as usual, well supplied with stock. The sales also were brisk, at the prices which now hold in the market, the receipts at the customs being unusually large. 2 year old heifers were in good request, averaging from £9 10s. to £12. Mr. Lynch sold 30 of this class to Mr. Ryan of Loughrea, at £11 12s. 6d. each, and 25 to Mr. Clanengar, at £11 5s. Others also received equally fair prices.

The contractors of the Athlone and Castlerea line are taking active steps for commencing operations in earnest. Most of the bogs on the line from Roscommon to Athlone have been drained. The "sleepers" have reached Athlone, as have also the "rails;" so no exertions will be spared to enable the contractors to fulfil the terms of their agreement within the specified time.—*Messenger.*

At Castlerea market, potatoes are selling for 2s., and the very best at 2s. 3d. per cwt. Oat meal, 1s. 9d. per stone. Butter, 7 1-4d. to 8d. per lb. Beef (in joint) 6d.; do. (in steak) 6 1-2 to 7d. per lb. Best mutton, 6d. per lb.

Tipperary.

It may be interesting to our readers to know that all the preliminaries connected with the Railway to Nenagh are progressing speedily. The tracing of the line has been received by Mr. Bolton; the prospectus is being made out, and will shortly be submitted for public approval, and Sir Matthew Barrington, Son & Jaffers, solicitors to the Great Southern and Western Railway Company, have agreed to prepare the parliamentary bill for the construction of the undertaking. Everything goes on satisfactorily, and affords hope of a successful issue.—*Nenagh Guardian.*

The Sub-Sheriff of Tipperary, with a numerous *posse* of bailiffs and policemen, proceeded to execute a decree for the seizure of the cattle of John Phelan, at Closhacranagh; but on arriving there, Phelan's son told the Sub that the cattle had been made over to him, and as a large assemblage of the peasantry commenced driving off the cattle, the Sheriff retired to avoid a collision.

The secretary to Lord Naas has felt called on publicly to contradict the report now sedulously propagated, that Mr. Gason, of the county Tipperary, had been fired at—no such occurrence having taken place. There is enough to be answered for at this moment in this line without adding to the list.

Waterford.

The Waterford Fine Arts Exhibition was opened in the Town Hall by the Mayor, John E. Feehan, Esq., and was attended by a large and fashionable assembly. The large room contained the Government Museum of Art, and the drawings from the School of Design; while the Council Chamber was hung to the ceiling with a splendid collection of paintings, contributed by the Marquis of Waterford, Lord Besborough, &c., &c. The band of the North Lincoln Militia were in attendance.

Westmeath.

A deputation, composed of the merchants and principal traders of Mullingar, waited on Colonel Fulke Greville, M. P., at Clonyn Castle, Castletown Devlin, to present him with a congratulatory address on his becoming their landlord, he having lately purchased the town and manor of Mullingar, together with the adjoining estate of Clonhugh, from the Earl of Granard. The deputation was received by the Colonel with much marked cordiality, and the hospitalities of Clonyn Castle were gracefully tendered by himself and his consort, Lady Rosa Greville. After partaking of a magnificent luncheon, the deputation returned to Mullingar, much gratified at the result of their visit to their new landlord.

In consequence of the reduction of wages, about 500 laborers turned out on the Athlone and Tullamore Railway, and assaulted five gangers, one of whom is not expected to recover. The mob also broke a large quantity of tools and implements. The police at Ballycumber and Clara pursued the rioters and dispersed them. Further disturbances are apprehended, and two stipendiary magistrates and a very large force of police are stationed at different points along the line, to keep the rioters in check.

Wexford.

The following rewards for saving life at sea were awarded by the Board of Trade to the undermentioned, viz.: To Richard Corcoran, Bartholomew Mahoney, and James Penman, commissioned boatmen, and Bartholomew Leyden, boatman, coast-guard station, Wexford, 10s. each; and to Thomas White, John Furlong, John Howlin, Thomas Delany, Patrick Kelly, countrymen and fishermen, 25s. each, for saving the crews of the schooner Sisters, Milford, and brigantine Sir Donald Campbell, of Newry, wrecked on the coast of Wexford, October 19.

On the line from Wexford to Liverpool, in consequence of the violent opposition that exists on this line, passengers are being carried for 1s. per head; the rate of charge for live stock is also ridiculously low; it is rumored that they take them for nothing and give a feed of turnips into the bargain.—*Waterford Mail.*

ORGANIST AND SCHOOL TEACHER.

A LADY, who can be well recommended, desires a situation as ORGANIST and SCHOOL TEACHER for a Catholic Church.

Address Rev. JOHN MACKENNA, Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Brooklyn, L. I., N. Y.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

FRANCE.

Pelissier's First Love.—While lieutenant the Duke of Malakoff became acquainted with a young lady, the daughter of a rich merchant, and when the lieutenant became a captain, he demanded her hand in marriage. The father refused, because Pelissier had no fortune, and the salary of an officer in France scarcely provides for his essential wants. A captain's salary is not more, we believe, than 2,250 francs. Captain Pelissier was deeply offended at the father's refusal, for the marriage portion of the daughter was sufficient to more than maintain her. Both, however, remained true to their pledged love, and soon the captain was promoted lieutenant-colonel, for Pelissier had the good fortune to be kept nearly all his life in active service, and his promotion was rapid. Again he demanded the hand of the lady, and again he was refused. This time he determined never to renew the demand, and he kept his resolution. Both, however, remained single—the lady refusing all the matches sought for her. Pelissier passed colonel, and later on, towards the end of the Abd-el-Kader war, general. The young lady was advanced in years, and the father, despairing of any better pecuniary match, offered her to General Pelissier. The general refused. He assured her that her father's conduct was the sole cause of his refusal, and that he should remain single, as long as he lived, on her account. She yet remains single, and is now fifty years old, but the lieutenant of her younger days, the impetuous African soldier, is now a marshal, a duke, a senator, and ambassador, with an annual income of more than a million of francs. With the title of duke came a change in the marshal's intentions, for the title is an hereditary one, and the Emperor ardently desired its transmission to posterity. Pelissier, therefore, could not well refuse the request af the Emperor, more especially as the Empress found the lady, and furnished the marriage portion.

The Italian Opera at Paris.—A Paris journal publishes a curious account of the extravagant sums of money which M. Calzado, the proprietor of the Italian Opera House in Paris, is paying to the singers he has engaged for this season. Tamberlik is to receive 40,000f. for seventeen representations; Mario, 15,000f. per month for five months; Alboni, 12,000f. per month during the season. This lady is engaged to sing only seven times during each month. Madame Penco gets 70,000f. for the whole season; Graziani (Francesco), 40,000f.; Graziani (Ludovic), 37,000f.; Corsi, 21 000f.; Galvani, 18,000f.; Mademoiselle de Ruda, 17,000f.; Madame Cambardi, 7 000f.; Soldi, 3,500f.; Patriossi, 3,000f.; Madame Dell'Anese, 3,000f.; Rossi, 3,000f. We have not done yet. The French *prima donna*, Madame Nantier-Didiee, receives 20,000f.; Zucchini, the comic basso, 18,000f.; Angelini, 14,000f.; and Madame Grisi is to be paid 20 000f. for two months. The chorus costs 41,540f. for the season. The orchestra costs 46,445f.

Singular Will.—An inhabitant of Montgaillard, who died in 1822, left the following testament: "It is my will that any one of my relations who shall presume to shed tears at my funeral shall be disinherited; he, on the other hand, who laughs the most heartily, shall be sole heir. I order that neither the church nor my house shall be hung with black cloth; but that on the day of my burial the house and church shall be decorated with flowers and green boughs. Instead of the tolling of bells, I will have drums, fiddles and fifes. All the musicians of Montgaillard and its environs shall attend the funeral. Fifty of them shall open the procession with hunting tunes, waltzes, and minuets." This singular will created the more surprise, as the deceased had always been denominated by his family the Misanthrope, on account of his gloomy and reserved character.

The Paris Dinner Season.—A letter from Paris says: "This was always a great place for extravagant dinners. The other day Prince Napoleon treated an assembly of connoisseurs to Chinese dishes, such as birds'-nest soup, &c. A still more eccentric banquet took place at the Trois Freres, at which the novel feature of rats'-tail soup was introduced. My informant, one of the guests, a man wholly devoid of prejudice, assures me that it does not come up to oxtail by any means. There was also a chicken, killed and dressed after the Horatian precept:

> "Doctus eris vivam misto mersare Falerno
> Hoc teneram faciet——,"

and a dish of fricasseed *gymnoti*, or electric eels, only to be found in the muddy waters of the Nile."

Railway Carriages for the Pope.—A Parisian letter states that the railway carriages constructed for the Pope are about to be exhibited in the Exhibition Palace in the Champs Elysees. They are so arranged as to form a sort of terrace, an ante-chamber, a throne-room, and a bed-room. The throne-room is magnificently fitted up, and is decorated with paintings by Gerome representing the Church seated between St. Peter and St. Paul, the four Evangelists, the Pope blessing a railway, &c.; also with a figure of Christ on the Cross by Toussaint. The bed-room has blue hangings, and is ornamented with a painting of the Immaculate Conception by Millet. The exterior of the carriages is tastefully decorated with objects in bronze.

What's in a Name?—M. Ponsard, the well-known dramatist, has just written a five act play under the ominous title of *Robespierre*, but, having written it, could not find a single manager bold enough to bring out a piece with so Republican a title. M. Ponsard then applied to the Minister of State, who gave, however, an adverse answer. M. Ponsard then applied to the Emperor personally, and he received a most gracious answer; he was authorized to produce his drama without previously submitting it to the censors.

General Niel, of the Engineers, has published a "Journal of the Operations of the Siege of Sebastopol." During the siege, which lasted 334 days, the French artillery threw into the town 510,000 round shots, 236,000 shells from howitzers, 360,000 shells from mortars, and 8,000 rockets. During the war, moreover, the infantry fired twenty-five millions of cartridges.

Two singular suicides are recorded in the French provincial journals. One was a young man at Orleans, who threw himself head foremost from the top of a poplar tree seventy-five feet high; the other, a young man at Reichenstein (Haut-Rhin), who lighted a ball cartridge in his mouth.

M. Fargin-Fayolle, the political prisoner who lately escaped from an hospital, has safely got out of France, and has written a letter to thank the governor of the prison for his kindness, and to assure him that no officer of the prison or hospital is to blame for his escape.

The bullion in the Bank of France now stands at about $130,000,000—a far higher sum than was ever held by that establishment, and more than nine million in excess of the largest total ever collected in the Bank of England.

The trial of Montalembert was commenced at Paris on the 24th Nov. The press had been specially forbidden to take notes. The press is also forbidden to discuss religious topics.

According to the weekly report of the *Presse*, trade in Paris continues to improve steadily. The accounts from the country are equally satisfactory.

BELGIUM.

Brussels.—In the Senate the following reply of the King of the Belgians to the deputation who presented the address in reply to the speech from the throne was communicated: "Gentlemen, I render homage to the zeal which animates the Senate for the public interests. I am much pleased with it. I thank you for the sentiments you express in the name of the Senate, and I accept with gratitude the assurance that you will give active and loyal support to my government in solving the important questions which have to be submitted to the Legislature in the course of the session."

Mr. John Orrell Lever, the founder of the Atlantic Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company, had an interview with M. Masui, the Belgian Minister of the Interior, and Director of Telegraphs and Railways. Mr. Lever was introduced by Lord Howard de Walden, British Minister at Brussels.

The Belgian journals record the marriage of four brothers to four sisters, celebrated at the same time, at Mons.

The *Independance Belge* announces the death of the reigning Prince of Lichtenstein.

ENGLAND.

A New Specimen of Baboon.—Among the additions to the natural history collection of the Crystal Palace is a very perfect specimen of the ourang-outang tribe, called a gorilla. It approaches nearer to the human species in form and habits than any of the other known animals. The gorilla is a comparatively recently-discovered animal, the skull of one having only been transmitted to Europe from Western Africa a few years ago, the live animal never having been seen by Europeans until within a very recent period. It is about five feet in height, and in appearance resembles the human figure in a remarkable degree. The arms are long, of prodigious strength, and are thickly covered with hair. The legs are short, and well adapted to climbing, as in most of the tribe. What renders the resemblance of the head of the gorilla to the human head most striking is the different color of the hair on the cheeks and scalp—that on the cheeks being of an ash grey, while the hair on the scalp is long and of a red hue. The natives of Western Africa tell the most marvellous stories respecting the ferocity of this animal. It is said that they descend upon villages in considerable numbers, and, destroying them, carry away and devour the children.

Fortifications of Portsmouth.—It has been stated that Portsmouth was as strongly fortified as possible to resist any attack, whether sudden or otherwise, from seaward. The War department have also given their earnest attention to the defences of the Gosport lines, upon which the same description of heavy ordnance will be mounted in every available position. A great quantity of property has also been recently purchased at Hilsea (four miles from Portsmouth), for the purpose of erecting strong earthwork batteries, and also to very considerably widen the moat at Ports Bridge, between Hilsea and Cosham, and to deepen the same. With all these preparations Portsmouth will become a fortified island, the tide running completely round it, from Langton Harbor to Portsmouth Harbor and *vice versa*, according to ebb and flow. Some military authorities are of opinion that a chain of works should be carried up to Portsdown Hill, in line with Porchester Castle, to prevent the possibility of an enemy securing so important a position as the hill which commands the harbor and dockyard.

Statute Fairs.—The annual "statutes," or hiring fairs for the engagement of servants in husbandry, are now being held in the West Riding of York. This year there has been a marked falling off in the attendance of both employers and employed. At Leeds good strong girls obtained from £9 to £12; boys and youths from £6 to £10; and men from £12 to £18. At Doncaster, head men servants obtained from £14 to £17; second hands, £9 to £13; and boys, £6 10s. to £8; female servants, £5 to £10.

Flogging in the English Army.—During the year 1857, as appears by a Parliamentary return issued lately, 112 soldiers were flogged in the United Kingdom, the total number of lashes inflicted being 5,240. The crimes of the culprits were, generally, "insubordination," "disgraceful conduct," "violence to superiors," and "making away with necessaries."

Rare Birds.—Two of those rare birds, the Egyptian goose—*Anser Egypticus*—have been shot in the water-meadows near Stockbridge. These birds very seldom visit England, but are natives of Africa. Col. Hawker mentions having seen a flock of eighty in Hants in the year 1824, two of which he killed, and three also in the year preceding.—*Salisbury Journal.*

A young couple, living in Freshwater, Isle of Wight, and who attend the Baptist Chapel, intending to enter upon the matrimonial state, had the banns published at the parish church, and no objection was then raised, but on the day appointed for the wedding, when the loving couple were getting ready for the occasion, they received a notice from the minister, stating that he would not marry them on account of their not having been baptized! This, of course, was a great disappointment to them, and they were obliged to lead a life of celibacy a little longer, until the necessary arrangements were made for their being married at the Baptist Chapel, at Newport, which took place a few days afterwards.

The emigration from Europe in the course of the year 1857 was, according to a recently published official return, 352,378 souls, of whom 109,600 were Germans, 99,631 English and Scotch, 86,238 Irish, 18,809 French, 8,151 Norwegians and Swedes, 5,000 Swiss, 1,734 Dutch, 660 Belgians, 800 Sardinians; the rest unknown nationality. Of the total as many as 244,000 went to America.

The Great Eastern steamship will probably be sent to sea early next spring. This magnificent ocean palace, which cost nearly one million sterling, will be in the hands of the new company for £330,000, fitted in all respects for sea as a first-class passenger ship. The shares have been put at £1 each, to enable the great body of the people to participate in this enterprise.

The Bury *Press* says: "The death of Mr. Ridsdale affords a sad example of the vicissitudes of sporting men. Years ago he had a hundred horses and was worth thousands; he died with only 3d. in his pocket, and a subscription saved him from a pauper's funeral."

Mr. Salter of the Versailles Nursery, Hammersmith, has formed a beautiful winter garden under glass and thrown it open to the public. Among the flowers we note a first rate collection of new and favorite chrysanthemums in high perfection.

SCOTLAND.

The "Ominous Ten Years" of Hungary.—M. Kossuth delivered a lecture on "Hungary, in connection with the condition and general interests of Europe," in presence of a numerous audience, in the Music Hall, Edinburgh. He said: "Nine years full of woe, torture, and misery, have rolled by since Hungary, deprived of her freedom, constitution, and national existence, lies prostrate on the cold stone of political slavery. It is the third time now during a history of a thousand years. The first time it was under Leopold I., in the seventeenth century. The second time it was under Joseph II., in the eighteenth century. Both times under the Hapsburgs, of course. I cannot help deriving hope and confidence from the fact that on each of these occasions the lawless prostration of my country did not last longer than exactly ten years. I trust the spirit of our fathers has not so departed from our generation as to allow the present degradation to last much longer; only that this time the making up of the accounts will be different, of course. Our fathers tried compromise, and were deceived. You might as well try to wash a blackamoor white as to make the Hapsburgs true to any sworn pledge of duty and honesty. The remedy of royal oath was tried over and over again. Each new oath brought ten new perjuries. The thread of confidence is broken, and no power on earth can knit it again. That's over now, but the ominous ten years are not over yet. A wink of opportunity is all we pray for; as we shall know to profit by it so may our destiny be."

The Burns Centenary at Alloway.—Among the gentlemen who have accepted the invitation of the Burns Club of Ayr and Alloway, to be present at the great commemorative gathering at Burns's Cottage, on the 25th January next, are John Francis Waller, Esq., LL.D., Dublin, the "Jonathan Freke Slingsby" of the Dublin *University Magazine*; the Rev. A. Hume, D.C.L., LL.D., Liverpool, the "Lancashire Incumbent" of the *Times*; Professor Trail, Edinburgh, editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, &c.; Mr. Carruthers, of the Inverness *Courier*, editor of "Pope's Works," &c.; Mr, Alexander Smith, Secretary to the University of Edinburgh, author of "A Life Drama," "City Poems," &c.; and Mr. Hugh M'Donald, author of "Rambles Round Glasgow;" Charles Mackay, of the *Illustrated London News*; the Right Hon. James Moncreiff, M.P., Dean of Faculty; and Professor Laycock, Edinburgh, will also attend, should their engagements permit.—*Ayrshire Express.*

Coarse.—At the Dundee Inauguration Lord Kinnaird described Mr. Bright as "a man gifted with great oratorical power, but unfortunately suffering under the visitation of Providence from a diseased brain."

A respectable looking woman called lately at a spirit-dealer's shop, in Galashiels, for half a gill of the strongest spirits, to spunge a silk gown with. After the quantity requested was drawn from the cask, she was asked for a bottle to hold the same, when she cooily replied, "I haven't far to gang, and I'll just carry it hame in my mouth!"—*Border Advertiser.*

We (Edinburgh *Courier*) have reason to believe that the important question of establishing a uniformity of weights and measures in the corn markets of the United Kingdom is likely to come under discussion at an early meeting of the Highland Society.

SPAIN.

The Countess Burita.—During the siege of Saragossa, in the year 1809, the Countess Burita formed a corps of women for the relief of the wounded, and for the purpose of carrying provisions and wine to the soldiers. Many persons of the most unquestionable veracity in Saragossa declared that they had frequently seen this young, delicate and beautiful woman coolly attending to the duties she had prescribed to herself in the midst of the most tremendous fire of shot and shells; nor were they ever able to perceive, from the moment that she entered into these novel scenes, that the idea of personal danger could produce upon her the slightest effect, or bend her from her benevolent and patriotic purpose.

Madrid.—The cabinet has communicated to its agents abroad full information respecting the maritime expedition against Morocco. The squadron to consist of seven steamships of war. It will proceed to Tangiers to support the demand for reparation made by the Spanish government on account of the constant piratical acts of the subjects of the Emperor of Morocco; and it will destroy or capture all vessels which are found in contravention to the navigation between Morocco and Spain. The Spanish cabinet will not declare war unless it is found the efforts of its agent at Tangiers and the presence of the naval force have been fruitless.

Curious Robbery.—The Madrid journals say that great sensation had been caused in that city by some burglars having entered by means of the sewers the house of a wealthy banker, Don Manuel Mateu, in the Calle de Espoz, cut a hole in the floor in order to arrive at the room in which his money and jewels were kept, and breaking open the safe and cupboards carried off everything of value. As M. Mateu was not in Madrid, the amount of his loss is not known, but it is presumed to be very considerable.

The Spanish paper, *Correo Autograto*, says: "Orders have been transmitted to the naval department at Cadiz, for the fitting out with all haste of five war steamers. Their destination, according to our informant, is an expedition against the Riffian Moors. Some of these steamers have already arrived at Cadiz."

SWITZERLAND.

Frozen to Death.—Excessive cold has for some time past prevailed in Switzerland, and has caused a loss of life. Eight villagers of Evoleue were returning from the fair of Aoste by the glacier of Aola, when three of them walked on in advance. After a while the five found the three lying on the snow, and unable to proceed; they had become benumbed and had sunk to the earth. The five tried all they could to make them rise, and even beat them with sticks, but in vain. Fearing at length that they themselves would be overcome with cold, four of them went away; but the fifth, named Favre, who was an intimate friend of one of the three, named Beybrison, took him on his shoulders, and with immense difficulty carried him a distance of two leagues, when his own hands, feet, and nose having become frost-bitten, he was obliged, in spite of the other's earnest entreaties, to abandon him to his fate. On hearing of what had happened 22 young men of the village set out to search for the three men. They easily found Beybrison, but he was quite dead. The bodies of the other two having become buried in snow, could not be discovered.

RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg.—The Government has sanctioned the formation of a joint-stock company for lighting the streets with gas. The company has been granted the exclusive right of lighting the principal streets for a term of fifty years, and has also the lighting of all the lamps in the other portion of the city. Its operations extend, therefore, to every point where gaslights already exist. The capital is fixed at four millions of roubles, in 40,000 shares of 100 roubles each, the first instalment to be thirty-five roubles per share. If, on the expiration of one year, all the shares are not disposed of, the founders, Counts Schoulavow and Miasnikow, brothers, are bound to take the remainder, so that the payment of all the capital is assured. An immediate return of six per cent. is calculated upon.

A patent has been taken out in Siberia for applying steam power to a gigantic system of skates, by which trains are to be propelled, on the sledge principle, over the ice and snow solitudes between the river Ob and the Amoor.

HOME MISCELLANY.

Extravagant Speaking.—The habit of speaking hyperbolically seems to be gaining ground in this country. Men express themselves very strongly upon subjects in which they are very little interested. The habit obtains in every walk of life—at the bar, in the political arena, and even in the pulpit. We are so much accustomed to exaggeration that we do not notice or complain of it. For example, we hear in the immaculate halls of Congress that the Union will be rent into fragments, that all the bonds and bulwarks of society will be dissolved and overthrown, unless certain measures are adopted or rejected—and we are so callous that we sleep no whit less soundly, and in most cases fail to take any interest in the disputed question. Or if we are so unfortunate as to be "on a jury," we are positively assured that all Europe is waiting, with breathless interest, for the rendition of our verdict, and that the stability of many thrones depends directly or indirectly upon it. Yet we seem to take the whole harangue as a matter of course, and give in our verdict without the slightest regard to breathless Europe. The boy who saw two squirrels in the tree, and magnified them into forty did not lie—he only indulged in hyperbole.—*Baltimore American.*

Boys.—If Barnum would retrieve his fallen fortunes, he has only to find, catch and exhibit in the principal cities of the Union, a veritable Boy—white and American born, with authentic accompanying testimony that he is over twelve years of age. This species of the *genus homo* is nearly extinct. Twenty years ago specimens could be found in parts of the country far removed from towns, but since the invention of railroads and telegraphs, they have almost entirely disappeared. Travellers in Europe tell us that they are still tolerably numerous there, and exhibit all the characteristics of the animal we used to see in our streets in the past ages. It is quite within the range of possibility that Barnum may astonish us all some day with such an exhibition. He has only to search diligently through some remote wilderness far west—perhaps in Oregon—until he finds a squatter family that has managed to escape Indians, grisly bears and panthers, as well as visitors from the regions of civilization, for a dozen years, and to buy or kidnap a boy of the required age. It would pay much better than mermaids or woolly horses.—*Baltimore American.*

Professional Jurymen may have Their Uses.—We copy the following from the Cincinnati *Commercial:* "The officials about the court house tell a story about a certain gent, who has grown grey in the service of the county as a *professional* juryman. It seems that one of the judges had finished charging the jury, (among whom as usual sat our friend,) in a very important case which had been in progress of trial for some days, when, to the great astonishment of all present, the professional arose from his seat and begged to call the attention of his Honor to a slight mistake he had made in his charge, and actually quoted authorities to sustain his position. Upon referring to his citations it was found, to the no small amusement of the spectators, that the juryman was right and his Honor was wrong; whereupon with all due gravity he informed the bench that he knew he was correct, as he had been charged at least forty times on the same point in the last four months, and couldn't be mistaken."

When to Wear India Rubbers.—Many persons wear India rubber overshoes in cold dry weather, to keep their feet warm. This is an injudicious and evil practice. India rubber shoes are very comfortable and convenient for covering the feet during wet and sloppy weather, but they never should be worn on any other occasion; their sole use should be to keep out the water. They should, however, be therefore taken off whenever the wearer enters the house, and be worn as little as possible, because they are air tight, and restrain the perspiration of the feet. The air cannot be excluded from them, or any portion of the body, for any length of time, without sensibly affecting the health. No habit tends more to good health than clean feet and clean dry stockings, so as to allow the free perspiration of the nether extremities.—*Scientific American.*

A Good Story.—Large numbers of wild geese have visited our island, arriving in flocks of forty or more, and many of them have fallen victims to the skill of our sharp-sighted sportsmen. Mr. John Welcome surprised a flock of them asleep, and managed to get near enough to seize one before they were aware of his approach. The goose squalled and struggled, and an old gander, the patriarch of the flock, gallantly came to the rescue. The contest was short, but severe; Welcome holding his prize by the tail feathers with one hand, and defending himself from the assaults of his feathered assailant with the other, while the gander used his wings vigorously about his head. Hard blows were given on both sides, but the plumage by which the goose was held suddenly coming out, he made his escape, and the battle terminated.—*Nantucket, Mass., Inquirer.*

Family Provision.—An owl's nest was taken upon the farm of Mr. Parker, Burnett's Farm, with three young ones in it. The luxurious and voracious habits of the owl (brown sort) may be imagined from the contents of the nest, which contained two leverets, one rabbit, three blackbirds, one thrush, and two large trout. They were all fresh, and had been apparently caught during the night—*Bath Jour.*

Lying in Bed.—No piece of indolence hurts the health more than the modern custom of lying abed too long in a morning. This is the general practice in great towns. The inhabitants of cities seldom rise before eight or nine o'clock; but the morning is undoubtedly the best time for exercise, while the stomach is empty and the body refreshed with sleep. Besides, the morning air braces and strengthens the nerves, and in some measure answers the purposes of a cold bath. Let any one, who has been accustomed to lie in bed till eight or nine o'clock, rise by six or seven, spend a couple of hours in walking, riding or any active diversion without doors, and he will find his spirits cheerful and serene throughout the day, his appetite keen, and his body braced and strengthened. Custom soon renders early rising agreeable, and nothing contributes more to the preservation of health.

The Catamount.—The party which went out on the track of the catamount, which has been prowling about the bluffs, of late, and violating the flocks in this vicinity, has returned without effecting its capture. They succeeded, however, in bringing home nine broad-antlered bucks, four bears, and six lynxes. One of the party, in an encounter with Bruin, was denuded of nearly all his clothes and deeply wounded upon his left hip by the enormous claws of the unfriendly native. Such are some of the incidents of the exciting autumnal pastime of many of our hardy people. Wolves were seen in abundance, but our hunters stooped not to such ignoble game.—*Trempealeau (Wis.) Pioneer.*

A Model Hypocrite.—The Portland (Me.) *Advertiser* speaks of a member of a Protestant church at Lock's Mills that, some time ago, watched the remains of a departed friend, and during the night stole the dead man's coat, vest and hat, and wore them off. The wife of the deceased, a few night's after, dreamed that the man who sat up with the corpse had taken them, and that on being accused of the theft, said he purchased the articles of another person. On Sunday the coat and hat were worn to church, and the sacrament partaken of by the wearer, who proved to be the thief—after denying it and saying he purchased them of others—being the individual who watched on the night they were stolen.

Drowned.—The Sheboygan (Wis.) *Times* says that two young men of that city—Jesse T. Brown, son of Joshua Brown, and Gabriel A. Jansen, employed as cook on board the schooner Albany, lying in that port—started for Black River in a fishing boat. As they left the mouth of the harbor they attempted to pass between some spiles standing in the water at the end of the south harbor pier—the upper timbers of which have been partially washed away by the late storm—and there being some swell on, the boat was thrown upon one of them and had a hole stove in her bottom. As she sank, Janson, who was unable to swim, went down, and his body has not yet been recovered. Brown swam ashore and saved himself.

New Channel of Trade Opened.—The Wilmington, N. C., papers announce the opening of the Cape Fear and Deep River Navigation improvement. The steamer Enterprise and barges Pioneer and Perseverance left Wilmington with merchandise and machinery for Egypt, on Deep River, and all intermediate landings above Fayetteville. This improvement connects Wilmington with the great coal region of North Carolina, in Chatham County. The work, however, is not entirely completed, but it is expected the Legislature of that State, at its present session, will vote the necessary means to put it into full and effective operation during the coming year.

Returned.—We received a call, says the Bangor (Me.) *Democrat*, from Mr. James Carroll, who left our city about four years ago, and who has just returned from Fraser river. Mr. C. was among the very first of the Fraser river adventurers, and has been among the very lucky few who, in that far off region, have struck a vein of wealth. He brings with him not only an abundance for himself alone, but also for his esteemed father and family. Mr. C. is yet a very young man, but he possesses those characteristics that will lead him to make that judicious use of his early acquired wealth which will command the approval of all good men.

Do Rats Reason?—One of my workmen, writes a correspondent of the *American Agriculturist*, recently set a noose before a rat hole at evening. During the next day he observed a pile of papers near the hole, with something moving beneath, and found there a rat caught by the noose. An examination proved that the papers under which the rat was concealed had been brought from another story in the building. Thus it appears that the poor fellow's companions had endeavored to conceal him until they might effect his release. This certainly looks like reasoning.

Steamships from Southern Ports to Europe.—The screw steamship Scotia, from Havana, has arrived at Savannah, Ga., in search of freights for Liverpool. This is the first steamship seeking freight for Europe that ever arrived at Savannah. It is said to be in contemplation, and with much hope of success, to establish a line of screw steamers between New Orleans and Liverpool. The city authorities of Memphis, Tenn., have adopted resolutions commending the proposed line of steamers between Norfolk and France.

Salmon.—The Harrisonburg *Telegraph* says that fine specimens of salmon are daily caught in the Susquehannah river at different points.

A Mastodon in Ohio.—The Cleveland *Leader*, on the authority of a party of hunters, states that the remains of a mastodon were recently found near Clarksville, Defiance County, Ohio, in the bed of a pond that had recently been drained off. They are of enormous proportions. The bones of the leg below the knee measure six feet and a half in length, and one of them weighs 56 pounds. One of the bones above the knee is 10 feet long, and weighs about 100 pounds. The ribs range from 12 to 16 feet in length, and a tooth from the lower jaw weighs 14 pounds.

A Novel Introduction.—Some young ladies from the back settlements came "out" from one of the towns in this county to meeting one Sunday not long since. Of course the hospitalities of the neighborhood were extended to the visitors, and just as the family were sitting down to dine, one of them addressed the astonished company as follows: "I s'pose you don't know who I be. I'm the man's gal what was almost killed by the bull." Some of the young members had no appetite for dinner.—*Exchange paper.*

Wild Animals in Virginia.—A letter from Page County (Va.), in the Alexandria *Sentinel*, states that wolves are very plentiful in that county, and very destructive to sheep—one gentleman having lost a flock of forty last week by these ravenous animals. A panther measuring six feet from tip to tip was killed while springing from the hog pen of Mr. W. S. Modisett with a shoat in his mouth.

Gardening for Ladies.—Make up your *beds* early in the morning; *sew* buttons on your husband's shirts; do not *rake up* any grievances; protect the young and tender *branches* of your family; *plant* a smile of good temper in your face, and carefully *root out* all angry feelings, and expect a good *crop* of happiness.

Poultry.—Provide them with warm quarters for winter. A barn or other cellar where they can have gravel to scratch in is desirable, allowing them access to the sun. Give them animal food, refuse meat, with boiled potatoes and raw cabbage.

We are pleased, says the Chicago *Daily Times*, to record the arrival of another work of art in our city, from old Rome. It consists of two figures, a mother and a child who have gone heavenward, and has been placed in the cemetery over their remains. The group is of life size, and is composed of recumbent figures of the mother and child, represented as sleeping. The head of the mother, over which one arm is gracefully thrown, rests upon two pillows, beautifully elaborated. The child sleeps at her side, its little head pillowed upon her breast, and its hand holding its mother's, in the grasp of childish affection. The drapery of the figures is exquisitely beautiful, and the form faultless. The faces are accurate portraitures of the life. This beautiful group is of Serevezza marble, and was executed in Rome by the American sculptor, Ives. This fine work of art is placed upon an appropriate pedestal of Rutland marble, corresponding with the marble of the group, and was designed by the sculptor.

In the Recorder's Court, Chicago, the proceedings were suddenly interrupted on a late occasion by the violent barking of a dog in the court room. "Turn that dog out!" said the court. "Get out!" cried the sheriff. "It's a mad dog!" exclaimed some person in the crowd, whereupon a scene of indescribable excitement and confusion was witnessed. The dog continued to bark and run violently about the room, as if looking for some place of exit, which was probably the object of his singular behavior. "Get out!"—"Look out!"—"Beware!" and similar cries were heard amid the confusion, the bystanders leaping upon tables, benches and railings, to avoid being bitten by the rabid animal. At length some one seized the dog by the tail and pulled him thereby out of the room, and down the stairs, where, with the assistance of others, he dispatched him. The dog was probably as much in his right mind as one half of the frightened audience.

We learn from the Fayetteville *Observer* of the death of Judge Nash, the venerable and upright Chief Justice of North Carolina. A letter to that paper says: "The Hon. Frederick Nash, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, died at his residence in Hillsborough on the 4th inst. He was born in Newbern, in 1781, and represented that town in the Legislature in 1804 and 1805.

The Maine *Farmer* states that a premium was awarded at the State Fair for a calf skin tanned by the use of sweet fern. If it be true that this hitherto useless shrub, which so abounds in our pastures, can thus be applied to a beneficial purpose, a tremendous saving will be made by the operation. The skins were tanned in one week, and had the appearance of the best French calf skin.

Under the title of a "native curiosity," the Atlanta, Ga., *Intelligencer* announces the arrival in that city of Mr. Hodgman Rabun of Carrol County, who, it says, "is 40 years of age, and has never until this time seen a town, a railroad, or a steam engine. Was never 20 miles from home before in his life, and has never seen Chattahoochee river, until he crossed it on his way to this place."

The Cumberland (Md.) *Alleghanian* says that John Brobst, an old man living in the Glades in that county, was recently discovered to be the rightful owner of a large tract of land in the richest mineral region of Pennsylvania, underlaid with immense seams of coal and iron, and valued at $8,000,000. He is said to have sold out his right for $2,000,000.

An Ohio gentleman has been making a singular experiment. He says he has placed his arm up to the elbow in boiling water, and immediately withdrawing it, plunged it in ice water. He repeated the operation without any inconvenience, and advises all who scald themselves to "do likewise," as a cure. The sooner cold water is applied (he says) after scalding, the surer will be the cure.

A correspondent of the Albany *Argus* writes some particulars of the origin of the *Book of Mormon.* He states that several inhabitants of Conneaut, Ohio, frequently conversed with the Rev. Solomon Spalding, while he was engaged in writing that book, and that he was in the habit of reading passages from it to his friends, as the work progressed.

The Palestine, Texas, *Advocate* reports a hurricane in that vicinity which lifted a ferryman's house, and after carrying it forty or fifty feet deposited it in the river. The wind made a clean sweep of timber, houses, cornfields, and everything in its track, which embraced an extent of country twenty-five miles long and half a mile wide.

In the city of Richmond, Va., there are 35 ministers who possess libraries numbering 10,500 volumes; 73 physicians, whose libraries contain 22,900 volumes; and 82 lawyers, with 86,000 volumes on their shelves. The estimated incomes of the professional men is $394,450 per annum.

A spendthrift, who had wasted his patrimony, rallying a frugal country gentleman, said, among other things: "I'll warrant those buttons on your coat were your grandfather's." "Yes," said the other, "and I have got my grandfather's lands, too."

A bed of iron ore has been discovered within the enclosure of the Clinton State Prison, New York, and the prisoners have commenced working it. They are familiar with the work, as they have been engaged heretofore in the iron mines in the vicinity of the prison.

Judge Hart, city solicitor of Cincinnati, was run over by a railroad train at Loveland, Ohio. His left leg and his right foot were crushed in an awful manner, causing his death the following day. The accident was caused by his attempting to jump on the train while in motion.

Mrs. Mary Beall, wife of the late David Beall, who assisted in cutting the logs for the first house ever built in Cumberland, Maryland, died there a few days ago, aged ninety years. Her husband, to whom she was married seventy years ago, died a couple of years since.

That young lady called the "Highland Maid," whose feats of pedestrianism at New York have attracted attention, performed the extraordinary operation of "walking" out of Poughkeepsie without paying her bills one night last week.

The Ballston *Journal* says the State Armory in that village has been completed, and accepted by the State. It is a fine-looking building, well constructed, and a great ornament to the town.

The Democracy of Kentucky hold their State Convention at Frankfort, on the 8th of January next. Nominations are to be then made for Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and other State officers.

In consequence of the opening of the Tehuantepec route to California, the New Orleans *Picayune* says that that city has suddenly "become the grand centre of a system of railways that has no equal on the globe."

A farmer in Sullivan Co., Ind., was offered $1,000 for ninety fat hogs, on a Monday, and lost the entire lot by hog cholera before the following Wednesday.

The rain which we shake from our feet may be metamorphosed into a mulberry leaf, and ultimately revisit them in the form of silk stockings.

The Board of Education of the Marietta School District, Marshall Co., Iowa, have declared that no girl who wears hoops shall be admitted into the schools of that district.

A very respectable business is cranberrying in Wisconsin. The last crop was 28,000 bushels, and $58,146 59 have been disbursed in the traffic.

The water that has no taste is purest; the rain that has no odor is freshest; and of all the modifications of manner, the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

The *Mississippian* states that the experiment of excluding all paper money of a denomination less than $5 has succeeded perfectly in the State of Mississippi.

A gentleman at New Orleans has been fined $43 and costs for enclosing a letter in a newspaper and mailing it.

The Santa Fe *Gazette* says that 115,000 sheep will be driven from two counties in New Mexico to California this present season.

Six Chippewa Indians are to carry the mail from Sault Ste. Maria, to Saginau, the distance, 850 miles, to be made in twelve days.

Dogs of every kind, setters, pointers, bulls, Newfoundlands, mastiffs and terriers, are all *lap* dogs—when they are drinking.

James Anderson, the oldest printer in New Orleans, was run over by the cars lately and killed.

Nature sometimes makes a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own manufacture.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you what they please.

An honest employment is the best inheritance that can fall to any one.

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D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,
PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. D., Eddyville, N. Y.—Our subscribers in Eddyville will in future receive their papers regularly. In addressing the package, Fly Mountain P. O. was by mistake omitted, consequently the papers could not reach our subscribers. We have sent them back numbers, and we ask their indulgence, hoping that such a mistake will not happen again. Our Eddyville subscribers are among the most prompt in paying their subscriptions.

P. D., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—We have written to you.

M. O'D, Belleville, C. W.—Received.

NEW YORK TABLET.
EW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 18, 1858.

The New York Tablet for 1859.

THE publication of A NEW AND ORIGINAL TALE, entitled

THE CONFEDERATE CHIEFTAINS;

A TALE OF IRELAND IN 1641,

will be commenced in the TABLET of 1st January, 1859. It is from the pen of

MRS. J. SADLIER,

and will equal, if not surpass in interest, the most successful of the popular stories which have been written for and published exclusively in the TABLET. The *dramatis personæ* of the New Tale are the principal actors in the Confederation of Kilkenny, and the great rising of the Irish under the famed OWEN ROE O'NEILL.

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Another New Feature in the Tablet.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF IRELAND,

By **THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE, Esq.**

WE have great pleasure in announcing the publication in weekly chapters, in the TABLET, of

A POPULAR HISTORY OF IRELAND,

from the pen of THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE, Esq., M. P. for Montreal. The first chaptor will appear on the first Saturday of January, and the whole will be continued without intermission. This additional feature will, we are confident, still further commend the TABLET to the Public, as the very best family newspaper of its class.

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

A STRIKING difference between a speech of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and a message of his Excellency, James Buchanan, is that in the former there is nothing to criticize, as it contains nothing, and in the latter as it contains much, there is much to criticize. It is not our purpose to criticize all that merits criticism in the long document which was laid before the citizens of the Republic, on the 6th instant. Such an undertaking would be beyond our province as beyond our patience. We have nothing to do with sectional, or party issues, and will therefore occupy ourselves merely with foreshadowed systems of policy with regard to matters of world-wide importance, in which the interests of justice and humanity as well as the honor and the moral reputation of this country are at stake.

Certain parties in this country have long made her play the wolf to the poor lambs of Cuba, Mexico, and the little republics in Central and South America. Those pestilent lambs are continually troubling the water we drink, notwithstanding the fact, oft reiterated by them, that we are much farther up the stream than they. The President, in his Message, makes himself the personification of this party, and he howls at the poor lambs in a most wolfish manner. This is the more striking to the reader, from the sudden metamorphosis executed by the Head of the Executive, who, but a paragraph or two previous, had been most lamblike where Great Britain was concerned.

The President gives Spain a shaking with regard to Cuba. Were it not for that abominable gem of the Antilles, the happiness of these United States would be complete, and the long-wished-for Millenium close at hand. "Cuba," says Mr. Buchanan, "in its existing colonial condition, is a constant source of injury and annoyance to the American people." Cuba was the cause of the late difficulties with Great Britain. Cuba obliged us to send to the Gulf the famous Fallstaffian Armada which was to capture all the British cruisers, but which nearly fell to pieces three days after having put to sea. Cuba is the only spot in the civilized world where the Slave Trade is tolerated, and is the cause that we are bound by treaty with Great Britain to maintain a great naval force on the African coast (though we don't do anything of the kind) "with much expense both of blood and treasure." To put an end forever to Cuban injury and annoyance, Mr. Buchanan proposes—not the total suppression of the Island, as one would be led to suppose by his previous remarks—but its acquisition by purchase. Like the celebrated worthy in the song, who proved his love for his enemies by taking whiskey, his deadliest foe, to heart, Mr. Buchanan is desirous to prove his forgiving nature by taking the evil-doing little isle to his bosom. He informs us that if we once possessed Cuba, the last relic of the African Slave Trade would instantly disappear! This joke would be quite a good thing in the columns of the *Picayune*, but it strikes us as somewhat broad for a Presidential message. Mr. Buchanan then assures us that the value of Cuba to Spain is comparatively unimportant. This will be new to most persons, as it is the prevailing opinion that Spain draws most of her revenue from the West Indian isle, and so strong is our faith in the popular opinion, the Presidential declaration to the contrary notwithstanding, that we have no hesitation in characterizing the President's idea of purchase as a piece of moon-enlightened policy.

Another cause of great suffering and anguish of spirit to the United States is that unmanagable republic south of us. After despatching Cuba, our President takes hold of Mexico. We, says the President, have always cherished the kindest wishes for that republic, and have never interfered in its affairs either directly or *indirectly*. In the very next paragraph, he endorses the course of Mr. Forsyth, our late minister to Mexico, who, contemning all rules and usages of diplomacy, has been interfering both *directly* and *indirectly* in Mexican affairs, whose hotel in the capital was the head-quarters of fillibuster and revolutionary intrigue, whose whole course was as bungling and unstatemanlike as it was disgraceful to our nation, procuring the recognition of the Zuloaga government in the hope of obtaining a slice of land, and when foiled in such peddling and short-sighted diplomacy, employing every effort to countervene the action of the recognized authority, and help into power the party whose principal and openly avowed object is the spoliation of the Church. On the elevation of this party to the government of Mexico, the President bases his hopes of amicable intercourse between the two republics. To double the chances of an eventual friendly feeling, Mr. Buchanan proposes the establishment of a temporary protectorate over Chihuahua and Sonora which can be withdrawn as soon as local govenments shall be established in these States capable of performing their duties—not to the people of Mexico—but, to the United States!

But the President does not become thoroughly bellicose until he gets Nicaragua, Costa Rica, New Granada, Paraguay, and such republican small fry before him. He then takes off his spectacles, undoes his tall, white neckerchief, takes off his coat, moistens his palms in a primitive manner and squares off at them. He will stand no nonsense from them; they're weak. The citizens of these unfortunate republics have no rights, but those of the United States, no interests but those of the United States. They only hold their territory in trust for the United States, who may drive coaches and four, or canal-boats, through any portion of it at their pleasure, and cannot be made to pay dues of any description, unless they like it—which they don't. With regard to Nicaragua, the President announces the startling doctrine that an Isthmus is exactly as a Strait, and that the laws and customs of navigation are equally applicable to land travel, which means that any nation who is strong enough to do it, has a perfect right to drive a railroad or cut a canal through the heart of any other country. We hope, for the sake of the country, that this doctrine will remain in a theoretical state for the present.

The President declares affairs in Utah to be in a highly satisfactory state, the rebellion suppressed and the Mormons compelled to yield obedience to the laws. On this point, strange to say, the Report of the Secretary of the War Department is entirely at variance with the Presidential Message, and distinctly informs us that the Mormons "still evince a spirit of unsubordination and moody discontent. The necessity which called forth the presence of the troops in Utah will require a strong force still to be kept there." We are rather inclined to believe the Report of the Secretary of the War Department.

A modification in the Tariff is recommended by Mr. Buchanan, and we do not hesitate to approve it, though the Secretary of the Treasury opposes the change. The President declares his opinion that sound policy requires a strictly revenue tariff to be raised by specific duties in cases tc which they can be properly applied, for instance, commodities sold by weight or measure, such as articles of iron, foreign wines, spirits, &c. This is a hint in the right direction.

With a view of making the Post Office Department a self-supporting institution, it is proposed to raise the postage upon single letters to five cents. Besides the fact that there is no reason why the Post-office should be a self-supporting institution any more than the Navy or the Army, there are other means of decreasing expenditure besides nearly doubling the tax on public postal communication. We are informed that in the Post-office, as in other departments, there are sinecures which are the rewards of party hacks. Abolish them. Let the franking privilege be abolished. It is not fair that certain Senators or M. C.'s should be allowed to deluge the Post-office with documents and the poor man made to pay for it.

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CONCERT AT ST. BRIDGET'S CHURCH.—We had the pleasure of attending the sacred concert given at the above Church, which is under the pastoral charge of Rev. Mr. Mooney, on Sunday, 5th inst., and notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather the Church was crowded to excess. Selections from Haydn, Mozart, Rossini, Bellini and other celebrated composers, were most artistically rendered. The concert was a brilliant success, and the audience were delighted with the evening's entertainment.

DEATH OF REV. MR. LARKIN, S. J.

DEATH, who spares neither virtue nor talents, learning nor sanctity, has been busy among the ranks of the ministry. Scarcely a week has rolled over us, for some time past, that it has not been our melancholy duty to chronicle the demise of some one of the holy band, and to inscribe on the pages of the TABLET, our poor tribute to his virtues. The scourge of the South—the yellow fever—has laid low several holy men in New Orleans. Natchez and Mobile have both had losses to deplore. Maryland also mourns like bereavements. Two Rev. pastors have been taken from the Catholics of Boston, one from those of Hartford, and but a few weeks ago the lamented and early death of the Rev. Mr. Dowling, of Flatbush, L. I., was announced in these columns. We have again another death to announce: that of the Rev. John Larkin, S. J.

FATHER JOHN LARKIN was born in Durham, England, about the year 1800. He was first a secular priest, subsequently became a Sulpitian, and finally entered the Society of Jesus. Father LARKIN's scholarship was of the ripest and most complete description. The teachings of the great historian, the illustrious Dr. LINGARD, whose pupil Father L. was, fructified in his mind. He was a fellow-student of His Eminence Cardinal WISEMAN, and won the high regard of that distinguished dignitary of the Church. During Father Larkin's late visit to England, the Cardinal treated him with marked distinction.

The elevation of Father Larkin to the episcopal dignity was mooted on several occasions, and he was even appointed to the See of Toronto, but, as our venerated Archbishop, who, on Sunday night, filled the place of the lecturer so suddenly snatched away, eloquently said, he refused the mitre that he might devote himself to the teaching of childhood. He sent back the bulls, and his resignation was accepted.

The Rev. deceased held the presidency of St. John's College, Fordham, during a period of three years, and at the time of his death was preacher, missioner, &c., at the Church of St. Francis Xavier. He died suddenly, of apoplexy, on Saturday evening, after leaving the Confessional to take his evening meal. A crowd of penitents awaited his return, but, alas! he came no more. He had been summoned from his earthly duties to receive from his Divine Master the reward of a good and faithful servant. A solemn High Mass of requiem was celebrated on Monday, by Dr. Cummings, assisted by Rev. Fathers Quinn and McCloskey as deacon and sub-deacon. The remains of the Rev. gentleman were then borne to Fordham, for interment.

We informed our readers in our last issue that Rev. Mr. Larkin was to lecture on last Sunday evening, in St. James' Church, for the benefit of the Free Schools of that Church. Our pen was ready to announce the triumph of his eloquence, when the whisper: "He is dead!" fell upon our ear. Instead of a triumph we have a death to chronicle; the laurel is changed into the cypress; our praise of his eloquence is turned into a prayer for his repose. *May he rest in peace!*

THE NEWS BY THE "PERSIA."—Our European files contain news of a most interesting description. Lord Napier, whose after-dinner diplomatic discourses are supposed to have produced such a wonderful effect here, is to be taken from us and sent to the Prussian Court. M. de Montalembert's trial resulted in his conviction, and condemnation to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of 1,000 francs. M. Douniol, the publisher of the *Correspondant*, has been sentenced to one month's imprisonment and a fine of 1,000 francs. Canada is to be gratified by a visit from one of the young English Princes. A report was in circulation in Paris that an Anglo-French fleet was about to leave for the Gulf of Mexico, to look out for Walker and the rest of the fillibuster brood. The kidnapping of Catholic children was being carried on wholesale in Ireland and Scotland.

[Specially reported for the N. Y. TABLET.]

SERMON OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

In accordance with the announcement made in a circular to the Rev. Clergy, published in last week's TABLET, collections were taken up in the several churches of the city in aid of the American College in Rome. Discourses appropriate to the occasion were delivered. At the Cathedral His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York preached an impressive discourse, of which the following is an abstract:

His Grace said that it had been announced last Sunday that the offerings for the day would be sacred to the purpose of establishing an American College in Rome. It would be impossible for his Grace to be indifferent to such a glorious enterprise, but indisposition rendered it doubtful whether he could speak on the subject that day. The observations his Grace intended to make were founded on the verses of the last chapter of St. Matthew, in which our Saviour says: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye and teach all nations." The authority of the Church as a teacher was derived from Christ as a teacher. The commission He gave to His Apostles was, that they should "teach all nations." This commission contained within itself an authority as to subordinate teaching, by which the nations of the earth might be lifted from the darkness of paganism and heathenism to the light of civilization. But there was also a third teaching, springing from the first, and connected with the teachings of the Apostles, which was incumbent on parents with regard to their offspring. This last teaching was connected with the first in a particular manner, which might be explained by the fact that, when the Apostles taught, they addressed themselves to mature minds, which understood them, and these teachings were often enforced by miracles, as was indeed necessary in the early ages of the Church. Thus we behold Christ as a teacher training His Apostles, and telling them that He only gave what He received from His Father, thus preparing them for the subordinate teaching which was to be transmitted to the children of those whom they should teach. And now when about to retire from earth He sent twelve Apostles, giving them a commission to "teach all nations." After the descent of the Holy Ghost, these twelve Apostles went forth on their Divine errand, and when those whom they taught had become disciples of the Cross, they taught their children the same truths, thus showing that the doctrines of Christ, if true for the parents, were also true for the children of all generations. The Apostles traversed many lands, propagating everywhere the doctrines of their Divine Master, and thus left this secondary teaching of children to their parents. The Church never recognized the awful doctrine that children should grow up without any religious teaching, until they should become old enough to form a judgment for themselves. This would only be permitted by parents who were uncertain of the truth of their own religion. Religion in the Catholic Church was not a speculation, but a permanent universal truth, and to those whom God had led into the light of it, was a conviction and not a speculation.

The official teachers of Christianity were the Apostles, and their successors in the Priesthood; but at the same time, the laity, as a necessary consequence, became teachers of their children and servants, and as time passed, universities, colleges, and schools were established for the purpose of teaching everything which it was essential that man should know. The early Fathers of the Church had got all the knowledge which was attainable in their age. These were they who vindicated against heathen philosophy, the truths of their faith, and thus set aside all religion which had its origin in the proud brain of man; and after the Church had for three hundred years passed through the Red Sea of persecution, there was infused into it a community of education, and a zeal to support it. Universities sprung up, and though the monasteries were distinct from these, they were no less important in the matter of education. Chiefs, during the feudal system, caused education to suffer, in consequence of their wars with each other; for they loved the sword and despised the book. The Church was not inimical to education, on the contrary, she had in all ages fostered it to the utmost of her power. True, some of the universities had passed into the hands of those who were opposed to the Church, but had they not been in existence at the time of the so-called Reformation, they would never have been in existence. The sacred influence of parental authority came through the pastors of the Church. The child given to parents was the child of God as well as theirs; it was the child of the Holy Catholic Church, from the moment it was consecrated to God by the Sacrament of Baptism. When the children should grow up, they might perhaps be unfortunate enough to forget the teachings they had received, and deny the Church; but then the responsibility of the parents ceased. Hence the teachings of the good and pious Christian mother were such as would always leave a lasting impression upon the children. Parents should therefore see that their offspring were taught in such a manner as not to swerve from the faith. When all Christendom was Catholic, education was not neglected, and the schools now called "Common Schools" were established everywhere, before the unhappy distraction of the Church, and even Sunday was encroached upon to teach children. Common Schools were, therefore, by no means a modern institution. But these schools were supported upon the voluntary principle. The Church did all her work by the gentle influence of her own Divine right as a teacher, acting upon her children through the love of Jesus Christ, and not for human gain or human salary. Here, on the contrary, everything has been done through Legislature, thus showing that the bestowal of education was not a labor of love, and that the civil power had to be called in to aid it.

Common education was established in Russia, and other nations, and in no country in the world had an attempt been made to divorce it from Christianity, except in our own. Prussia, with all her headstrong Protestantism, had left this an open question, and even England had allowed Catholic schools to be established apart from others, and had allowed a *pro rata* sum for their support. On this subject much had been said lately. Catholics had been denounced as overthrowing the Bible in the Public Schools; but this was not the case, and, indeed, what had been said on this subject was sufficient to show that Catholics approved of no system of education from which religion was excluded. True, it might be better that children should be taught in these schools, than that they should go about and suffer from the pernicious teachings of the streets, but in no case would it be lawful to attend these schools if Catholics had schools of their own. Many years ago the consequences of the present school system had been predicted. Then it was considered as one of its beautiful features that no sectarianism should be recognized therein. To this, it was replied, that where no established religion was acknowledged, all was sectarian, therefore all religion should be excluded. It gave him pleasure now to say, after twenty years' experience, that many men of high standing had dreaded the consequences of such an exclusion. Seldom did Catholic preachers make allusion to what was said in pulpits not their own; but in the recent agitation two Protestant clergymen of high standing and authority among their respective sects, had made use of language stronger and more terrific than had ever fallen from the lips of a Catholic in reference to this matter, from which sermons his Grace read extracts.

These were the schools so strongly spoken of by their own patrons, to which Catholic parents were advised to send their children. It was true, these Rev. gentlemen had found a panacea for the evil, by saying that a portion of the Bible should be read in these schools. There were many versions of the Bible; who could distinguish the true Bible from the false one? While the Catholic Bible was received as the true version, Catholics must necessarily discountenance any Bible which was not approved by the Church. Again, they recommended that the Lord's Prayer should be recited as it was in the Bible. Now that prayer had a whole sentence more in it, as found in the Protestant Bible, than it had in the Cotholic Bible, and the Catholic child, retiring from these schools, had learned two distinct versions of the Lord's Prayer,—one from the Common Schools, and one from the teaching of the Church. But Catholics had ceased to make war upon these schools; all they had to do was to recognize the Catholic Church as a teacher, and make the best provision for their poor children their poverty would permit. Let them continue to labor as they had labored, and with time and the blessing of God they would yet be able to make a better provision for Catholic children than they now had. The Church was the fond mother of education; she was the same now as ever, and had her universities in various parts of Europe. And now, to exemplify her care for education, the Sovereign Pontiff had suggested that there should be founded a College for Americans in the Eternal City of Rome itself. The Church of Christ had been extinguished in the British Islands; education to Catholics had been prohibited, and if they crossed the sea to obtain it, such a proceeding was a crime punishable by imprisonment, and, in certain contingencies, by death itself. Spain, France, Belgium and Germany, had opened the doors of their universities, and even special colleges had been founded for the inhabitants of the British Islands; but above all it was in Rome that the greatest provisions had been made for education, and apart from the regular institutions of the Church, every nation in Europe had its own special college, including England, Scotland, Ireland, Hungary and Greece. The lectures of the Colleges of Rome were free to all, without distinction of creed or country, and learned professors of all nations were there to diffuse information to all who sought it.

The present Holy Father, taking a deep interest in the Catholic Church in this country, had, out of his own slender means, instituted and offered to the Bishops of this country, a college in the Eternal City for the United States. Their offerings were designed not to purchase this college, but to keep it in repair, to furnish it and provide it with a library, and, as health was of the utmost importance to youth, to purchase a villa to which the students could retire for recreation at certain seasons of the year. Candidates would not be received indiscriminately, but the Bishops were empowered to send such as they could recommend for their piety and learning. It might be that some of those present might not live to see the realization of the College, but there were those under the guidance of the Christian Brothers, returning from that city, now honeycombed by the relics of martyrs, to minister among them, who would be at once a dignity and an ornament to the Church of God in the United States. However, be that as it might, it showed that the educaton of the Church was never extinguished. Considering that a collection had to be taken up in every Church in the country, it was evident that the establishment of the College would not be oppressive to individuals, and the means contributed would enable them to fit out a college worthy of their country. The managers, the rectors, and the professors would be American, and all things connected with the house would be especially adapted to this country. The wonder was that an establishment of this kind had not been instituted in Rome for America before now. England had her English college, Scotland her Scotch college, and Ireland her two Irish colleges. Why, then, should not America have her American college? And now, with the blessing of God, this was to be accomplished. His Grace had often remarked how lonely Americans seemed in the Eternal City. They had no local habitation within its walls; and, however kind professors of other colleges might be, still for Americans one thing was lacking. Generations yet unborn would bless the memory of that Pontiff who thought of establishing an American College, and those Catholics who contributed to carry out the glorious undertaking.

In the evening, St. James' Church was crowded to excess by a highly respectable audience, to hear the Most Rev. Archbishop, who kindly volunteered to lecture in the place of the Rev. Mr. Larkin, by whom a lecture was announced for that evening for the benefit of the St. James' Free School, and whom, before the appointed evening had arrived, God had called to himself. The circumstances under which the Archbishop appeared gave a deep interest to the occasion. His Grace paid an impressive and eloquent tribute to the pious clergyman who had been so suddenly snatched away from among his penitents.

We have a full report of the lecture, but want of space renders it impossible for us to give it.

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NEWS FROM THE ISTHMUS.—The *Washington*, which was sent out as the pioneer of the Nicaragua route to California, has arrived, bringing back ninety-three of her passengers, to whom a passage through Nicaragua was denied on the ground that they were fillibusters. The *Washington* was boarded at San Juan del Norte by English officers from the *Leopard* and *Valorous*, who put several questions to the purser and officers. They were told that the *Washington* had been boarded by an officer of the U. S. ship *Savannah*, but the British officers replied that they had orders to get their information direct. A boat, with the agents of the Transit Company and others on board, sailing up the Colorado Branch of the San Juan, was overhauled by the English boats' crews, fully armed, and boarded by the Captain of of H. B. M. S. *Leopard*. A sharp look out is evidently being kept for Walker's "emigrants."

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DEDICATION AT WATERBURY, CONN.—The New Catholic Church at Waterbury, Conn., will be dedicated to the service of Almighty God, on Sunday, 19th instant. Several prelates have promised their attendance on the occasion, and the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes has signified his intention of being present, unless prevented by illness. The new Church is said to be one of the most beautiful religious structures in New England, and is under Charge of the Rev. Father Hendricken.

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BANCROFT, THE DUTCHESS COUNTY MURDERER.—We would like to know whether the authorities of Dutchess County are determined to allow Bancroft, who murdered his brother's unoffending coachman, to escape with impunity. No steps, that we are aware of, have been taken, no reward offered to secure his apprehension. Is there no high-minded citizen of Dutchess County who will take up the cause of the poor man against the rich assassin? Is there no fearless, independent newspaper published there, which will stimulate the (improperly so-called) officers of justice in that vicinity.

DIED.

At Newport, R. I., on Monday, Dec. 6th, from the effects of teething, WILLIAM KYRAM DELANY, the infant son of William Kyram and Isabella Delany, aged 1 year 2 months and 20 days.

Dearest Willy, thou hast left us,
And thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God who has bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

SUPERBLY BOUND AND ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Gerald Griffin's Works, 10 vols	$10 00 to $30
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⁂ Popular Library, 20 vols., in various bindings.

The following Prayer Books in every style of binding; Golden Manual, Way to Heaven, Garden of the Soul, Key of Heaven, Path to Paradise, Gate of Heaven, Mission Book, Raccolta, or Book of Indulgenced Prayers; Roman Missal for the Laity, Latin and English; Alter Manual, &c. Also a large stock of Catholic and Miscellaneous Publications, Rosaries, Holy Water Fonts, Statues, Crucifixes, Pictures, &c.

D. & J. SADLIER & Co.,
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◆

CROWDED OUT.—In order to make room for the eloquent sermon of the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes we have been obliged to postpone the publication of editorial articles on subjects of interest. The interesting lecture of Rev. Mr. O'Farrell on the Early Irish Church, and the late arrival of our files by the *Persia*, have constrained us to lay over the weekly letter of our London Correspondent and our usual page of music.

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WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE TABLET

Places where the TABLET and Catholic Books can be had at New York prices:

William Hickey	128 *Federal street, Boston.*
P. F. Cunningham	*Philadelphia, Pa.*
Miss Margaret McKenna	*Pittsburg,* “
John Whitney	*Providence, R. I.*
M. O'Sullivan	63 *S Pearl st., Albany, N. Y.*
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Thomas Duggan	*St. Louis, Mo.*
Matthew Cadden	“ “
John P. Walsh	*Cincinnati, Ohio.*
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T. O'Connell	“ “
Henry Kreamer	*Cleveland,* “
Patrick Sheahan	*Lowell, Mass.*
Thomas Maginness	*Worcester,* “
Edward J. Kelleher	*Bangor, Maine.*
Terence McGowan	*Portland,* “
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P. Lecher	*Wheeling, Va.*
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E. Downes	*New Haven, Conn.*
Thomas B. O'Connor	*Savannah, Ga.*
Timothy Cahill	*Nashua, N. H.*
Samuel Tighe	*Memphis, Tenn.*

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BUSINESS NOTICES.

NOTICE TO PERSONS GETTING UP CLUBS.—Clubs in all cases *must* be sent to one address, unless each Subscriber pay 20 cents extra, for which we will write his name on the paper. Large Clubs of 10, 20, or 50, can have the paper sent in two or more packages directed to as many different persons, for distribution at Club prices.

☞ Agents and others will oblige us by strictly following the above rules. *We will admit of no deviation from them.*

NOW READY—First Volume of the NEW YORK TABLET, with Portrait of Archbishop Hughes, handsomely bound, containing Personal Recollections of O'Connell, by O'Neill Daunt; Elinor Preston, Maureen Dhu, &c., by Mrs. J. Sadlier; with all the current events of the past year, being a complete History of 1857–8. Price $2 50.

NOTICE TO CLUBS.—We would request those Clubs, whose term of subscription expires on the 1st of January, to forward the amount of their subscription if they wish to receive their papers after the commencement of the New Year.

NOTICE.—No Travelling Agent is authorized to collect for this paper in Massachusetts until further notice.

Travelling Agents.

Mr. John Flynn will canvass and collect for the TABLET in Charleston, S. C., and other towns in the Southern States.

Mr. John Graham will be in Chicago about the 1st of January; he will call on our Subscribers, who will, we hope, be ready to pay him their subscription.

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NEW AGENTS.

Prescott, C. W.··········T. Kelly.
Charlottetown, N. B.·····John Gahan.

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NEW CATHOLIC BOOKSTORE IN WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mr. O. E. Duffy has opened a Bookstore at 429 E street, one door from Seventh street, where all the Catholic publications of the day can be had. He has the TABLET for sale every week.

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Will a Mr. Lee who collected in Randolph, Mass., for the TABLET, write to this office immediately?

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Will James Doyle of Milbury, Mass., write to this office immediately?

Literature.

THE METROPOLITAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC AND LAITY'S DIRECTORY FOR THE UNITED STATES, 1859. Baltimore: JOHN MURPHY & Co.

Messrs. John Murphy & Co. have undertaken the publication of the Metropolitan Catholic Almanac in accordance with a request embodied in a special resolution of the late Council of Baltimore. They have well performed the important duty they then undertook, and have presented the Catholic public with an Almanac which contains not only all the information connected with Catholicity in the United States which was available, but much general information which will be found highly valuable to American Catholics visiting Europe. The following table will show at a glance the immense progress of our holy religion since 1839:

1859.		1849.		1839.	
Provinces	7	Provinces	3	Provinces	1
Dioceses	43	Dioceses	30	Dioceses	16
Vicariates	2	Bishops	26	Bishops	18
Bishops	45	Priests	1,000	Priests	478
Priests	2,108	Churches	966	Churches	418
Churches	2,334				

Typographically considered, the Almanac is a model. The type is new and clear, and the paper excellent. The work is in every way highly creditable to the publishers.

IRISH LITERATURE AT THE ANTIPODES.

We find a very interesting review of the Songs of Ireland in a rather unexpected place, the Sydney (N. S. W.) *Freeman's Journal*, of September 4th. Mr. Lover's late compilation of Irish Lyrics—which, we hope, if republished here will be well meeded—had found its way to Australia, and had evidently fallen into the hands of some one thoroughly competent to the task of doing it justice. The *Freeman's Journal* is occasionally enriched by literary contributions of great merit, but we do not remember to have seen anywhere—not even in the leading Irish journals—so searching a review of Lover's book—as this which reaches us, by the roundabout way of Sydney.

THE LYRICS OF IRELAND. Edited and annotated by SAMUEL LOVER. London: HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 1858, pp. 360.

There was much force and truth in that saying of Fletcher, of Saulton—"Give me but the making of the songs and ballads of the people, and I care not who makes their laws." For the influence which the songs of a nation exercise upon its people is much greater than is generally conceived; the effect is in proportion to the directness, truth, and beauty of the compositions. We well remember, that, next to our prayers and our catechism, the song and ballad claimed their own loving and lasting place in our early education.

Above, we have given the title of an Irish book of lyrics, by a song writer of some eminence, who has written, occasionally, very sweet and pretty songs, and who takes his place in public estimation as the nearest follower of Moore. If in our review of this book of lyrics, we appear severe or exacting upon Mr. Lover, it is not from any feeling of dislike or antipathy which we feel towards the man, but from an imperative duty which we owe to that dear land of song, Ireland. We have spent many a pleasant hour in reading his well wrought descriptions in his novels, especially his "Rory O'Moore;" and have been frequently amused, and always delighted, in reading or singing the best productions of his muse.

But in this book he has miserably failed in doing his country justice; and, though we may forgive his shortcomings in that respect, we can hardly overlook the positive wrong he does to that young party who put a new soul into the old country. It ill becomes him to sneer at the blasted hopes of a people struggling for nationhood. From his manhood he has so cleverly tempered his feelings of nationality with a strong decoction of English prejudice, that we have often wondered whether the exaggerated absurdities which he portrayed to English audiences, descriptive of Irish habits and character, were the result of his own belief, or merely a well devised scheme to traffic for money on the credulity of England at the expense of his own country. One thing is certain, that he was the last man who could feel the noble enthusiasm which constrained men to sacrifice life and liberty for the accomplishment of a great object, nor has he felt the penalties which they have bravely endured at the cost of their failure. He should recollect what Milton says—"In great attempts, 'tis glorious e'en to fail."

But to his book. There are eleven pages of a well written preface, in which he says, that if he were allowed the free use of Moore's Melodies, his collection would be the best that was ever made. He gives the first place to Scotland for her maritime odes and songs. England, though rich in the production of great poets, is very poor in songs and ballads: Barry Cornwall is her greatest song writer. There is no question that Dibdin is much inferior to Campbell in the power and mastery of his naval songs. "Ye Mariners of England," and the "Battle of the Baltic," are glorious productions, unsurpassed in English literature; and though Prince Hoare's "Arethusa," and Cherry's "Bay of Biscay O," are full of fire and spirit, they are only second to Campbell's great sea songs. We miss the "Arethusa," by an Irishman, from this collection. Samuel Ferguson's "Forging of the Anchor," and Dr. Maginn's "Song of the Sea," are, however, equal, if they do not surpass any of the greatest lyrics of England, or even of Scotland.

Here are two verses from Ferguson:

Leap out, leap out, my masters—leap out, and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on ev'ry blow I bode;
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road,
The low reef roaring on her lee, the roar of ocean pour'd
From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the board,
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains;
But courage still, brave mariners! the bower yet remains!
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky-high!
Then moves his head as though he said: "Fear nothing—here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime;
But, while you sling your sledges, sing—and let the burthen be—
The anchor is the anvil-king, and royal craftsmen we!
Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to loose their rustling red;
Our hammers ring with sharper din—our work will soon be sped;
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the "yeo-heave-o!" and the "heave-away!" and the sighing seaman's cheer!

This is a noble ballad unsurpassed by anything yet published, in any language. Ferguson has the power of the enchanter to turn everything he touches into gold.

We are surprised to find that Mr. Lover passes over, unforgotten by name, a man to whom he is indebted for favors which he has not the pride to acknowledge—we mean Dr. Maginn. He has written sweet and rollicking songs, which would be much more in keeping in this collection than many in it which serve to deface it. His song beginning:

There was a lady lived at Leith—
A lady very stylish, man—
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman—

would seem to have been more appropriate than the best of Jack Johnson's. We give Maginn's

SONG OF THE SEA.

If e'er that dreadful hour should come—but God avert the day!—
When England's glorious flag must bend, and yield old Ocean's sway—
When foreign ships shall o'er that deep, where she is empress, lord—
When the Cross of Red, from her bold sprit-head, is hewn by foreign sword—
When foreign foot her quarter-deck, with proud stride treads along—
When her peaceful ships meet haughty check from hail of foreign tongue—
One prayer, one only prayer, is mine—that, ere is seen that sight—
Ere there be warning of that woe—I may be whelm'd in night!

If ever other prince than ours wield sceptre o'er the main,
Where Howard, Blake, and Frobisher, the Armada smote of Spain—
Where Blake, in Cromwell's iron sway, swept tempest-like the seas,
From north to south, from east to west, resistless as the breeze—
Where Russell beat great Louis's power, which bent before to none,
And crushed his arm of naval strength, and dimm'd his rising sun—
One prayer, one only prayer is mine—that, ere is seen that sight—
Ere there be warning of that woe—I may be whelm'd in night!

If ever other keel than ours triumphant plough that brine,
Where Rodney met the Count de Grasse and broke the Frenchman's line—
Where Howe upon the first of June, met the Jacobins in fight,
And with old England's loud huzzas, broke down their godless might—
Where Jervis at St. Vincent's fell'd the Spaniard's lofty tiers—
Where Duncan won at Camperdown, and Exmouth at Algiers—
One prayer, one only prayer, is mine—that, ere is seen that sight—
Ere there be warning of that woe—I may be whelm'd in night!

But oh! what agony it were, when we should think on thee,
The flower of all the admirals that ever trod the sea!
I shall not name thy honor'd name; but—if the white-cliff'd Isle,
Which reared the Lion of the Deep, the Hero of the Nile—
Him who, 'neath Copenhagen's self, o'erthrew the faithless Dane,
Who died at glorious Trafalgar, o'er vanquished France and Spain—
Should yield her power—one prayer is mine—that, ere is seen that sight—
Ere there be warning of that woe—I may be whelm'd in night.

William Kennedy's sea song, "Ned Bolton," and a few others of some of our writers, are very little inferior to those given. Scotland claims the credit of Kennedy's works in "The Republic of Letters," and in "Whistle-binkie," for no other cause, we think, than that his poems, "Fitful Fancies," were published there in 1827. He was born and bred in the North of Ireland; was educated in the Belfast Institution, and begins one of his songs, thus:

Oh! while I live, I'll ne'er forget the troubles of that day,
When, bound unto this distant land, our ship got under weigh.
My friends I left at Belfast town, my love at Carrick shore,
And I gave to poor old Ireland my blessing o'er and o'er!

Mr. Lover complains with much justice that many of the songs of Irishmen have been placed to the credit of England and Scotland; but surely what is wrong in an Englishman or Scotchman cannot be right in an Irishman. He has not been satisfied with the productions of his own countrymen, but must introduce *Irish* songs written by Englishmen, and these of a very bad quality. It is unpardonable in him to imitate the bad example of those whom he condemns so loudly. He is not without a plea, however; he says, "the lyrics being thoroughly Hibernian in subject, could not well be omitted." Let us see if this be true. The first which claims our attention is Wharton's "Lilli-Bullero," which is a dull and wretched production; and as to what Bishop Percy says about its influence in contributing to the Revolution of 1688, Gavan Duffy, in his beautiful essay on the "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," says that "it is as difficult to believe in a cause apparently so inadequate, and impossible to believe in its adequacy." Even at the risk of casting suspicion upon the orthodoxy of the Bishop upon this subject, we hope we shall be excused for following the decision of the layman. It has not a particle of Irish wit, humor, or genius in it; English it is in web and woof.

Next is Barham's "Barney Maguire's Account of the Coronation." This may do very well for the "Ingoldsby Legends," but surely such stuff as this—

"Then the trumpets brayin', and the organ playin',
And sweet trombones, with their silver tones;
But Lord Rollo was rolling; 'twas mighty consoling
To think his Lordship did not break his bones—"

ought not to find a place in an *Irish* collection of songs. "Looney Mactwolter," by Colman, is the next. Hear it,—

"Oh! whack! Cupid's a mannakin;
Smack on the back he hit me a poulter:
Good Lack! Judy O'Flanagan—
Dearly she loves nate Looney Mactwolter."

We are pretty well acquainted with Irish Christian and surnames, but we never heard anything like these. Looney, as a surname, we have heard, but we should have to travel into Cockney land to hear of such a sign as "The Cow and the Snuffers." The next is "Smalilon," whatever that means; but it is no more Irish than it is Greek. It begins by informing us that,

"There was an Irish lad
Who loved a cloister'd nun,"

which is one of the most unlikely things which we can well conceive; but hear how he wooed her,—

"And he sung sweetly,
Smalilon, smalilon, smalilon!
And he sung sweetly,
Smalilon, gra-ma-chree, and Paddy-whack!"

Mr. Lover ought to konw that the introduction of a few Irish words makes no more an Irish song than the residence of a true man in a foreign country gives him the privilege of ceasing to belong to his own native land.

The next are, "The Irish Duel," "The Land of Potatoes," "The Hero of Ballincragy," "The Blarney," by Mr. Hall, and Johnson's "'Tis a bit of a thing, that a body may sing." Now we venture to say, that one word of any of these songs was never written by an Irishman. They have neither the broad humor, rollicking fun, or keen wit of the country; and although Mr. Lover knows something of the weak side of Irish character, he knows little of its great faith, its heroic feelings, and its deep devotion and affection. He knows something of "Blarney," but he ought also to know that old birds are not to be caught with chaff, and least of all are they to be caught by the "blarney" of Sam Carter Hall! It is about thirty years ago since Maginn wrote an article on *Irish Songs*, such as these we have pointed out, in *Blackwood's Magazine;* it was one of the best of his early efforts, for he was then living under the influence of Irish society in Cork. We beg to draw Mr. Lover's attention to this article, from which he will learn more of Irish songs than he seems at present to possess.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ART OF SUFFERING.

[*Translated from the French of* J. T. DE SAINT GERMAIN *for the* N. Y. TABLET.]

Yet our fathers lived without all these comforts and in the midst of tumult. But why do complaints and necessities seem to increase according to the march of progress? Because in order that suffering should not lose its rights, men become weaker as they receive more aid. The spectacle of the exceptional and fleeting prosperity of those who are called happy, is the most intolerable suffering of those days of equality. Thus, as civilization aids us, the torments of bad passions supply the deficit of our sufferings.

We have made an inventory of the riches which have come to us by inheritance. But has not nature given us gratuitously still greater treasures? All that is worth something costs nothing: liberty, air, light, water, fire, health, motion, sleep, intelligence, the pleasures of the mind, the sweet affections of the heart, the admirable pictures of nature, &c. If these blessings could be priced in the market like food and drink, all the money in the world would be given for one of them. This is so true that the most avaricious man could get the air he breathes for money, the water of the fountain for money, the light of day for money. Those have been seen, however, who have given up their hearts for money, but the purchaser made a bad speculation indeed!

So, besides the comfort that civilization gives us free of charge, we receive as a gift from Providence and in compensation of the misery inherent to our nature, treasures of inestimable value, a thousand times more precious than all that the rich can buy with their gold (let them order, from the most skilful of their jewelers, a ray of sunlight like that which gilds the corner of that hut)! But those real blessings are looked upon as nothing, if the factitious ones that surround the rich are not added to them.

In a life of simplicity, our necessities would be limited, but in a society palled by the sweets of civilization, the passion of the *superfluous* has taken the place of the endurance of real privations. The *useless* has become the indispensable element; to make the *useless*, the peasants desert their fields to swell the noisy crowd of workmen in the city; to acquire the *useless* all classes are making an almost superhuman effort.

They want to possess property, they say, but while they are measuring their newly-acquired domain, acquired by so much struggling and often by so much shame, the earth already opens to *possess* themselves!

Have you not read in the chronicles of Brittany, that old song which expresses in all its touching simplicity, resignation in this world and hope for the next: "The poor will always be poor; mad, indeed, is he who believes that crows will become doves. Be consoled, dear poverty, you will yet have, instead of beds of leaves, beds of ivory in heaven."

But what is suffering after all provided one loves? For him who hears the divine voice, the fleeting joys, the pleasures of the affections are a presentiment sent to us by God, in the midst of our forlornness, to enable us to divine the life of the future. The grand spectacles of nature, the trees which stretch forth their supplicating limbs, the mountains which seem to aspire to heaven, the birds, those rapid messengers flying through space, the clouds which float above the horizon, the stars that hang from the zenith, all these objects of our admiration are, as it were, the steps by which our limited minds quit the earth and take their flight to the feet of the Creator. The sounds of voices we love are like the accords of the angels; the order, the union, the affection of a Christian family that the chances of life has not yet dispersed, are a beautiful image of the celestial harmony and peace of the elect.

An amiable philosopher, prompted by a desire of being useful, pleasingly advocated an easy and attractive system of morality; to him we owe the following prudent opinion: "Certain persons declaim against man; I fled from him and confined myself to a select few: there are now, as far as I am concerned, neither foolish nor wicked men in the world." We fear, however, that this means of being happy is not within the reach of everybody. The poor man, who cannot fly from mankind, will often find themselves at the mercy of the foolish and the wicked, without the power of retiring into the narrow circle of a few friends, and what we ask of him is to suffer this inevitable contact without becoming wicked himself.

In times very different from ours, it was the office of the Fathers of the Church, those models of virtue and abnegation, clothed in all the authority of their character, to proclaim their indignation against the indifference and selfishness of the rich, and to announce to them in severe language the precepts of evangelical charity. "O ye rich," Saint Ambrose could exclaim, "do you alone inhabit the earth? Wherefore cast aside your equals in nature, and usurp the possession of the earth which was made for all. Nature knows not the rich; she created the poor alone." "Woe to you that take your repose and your pleasure on couches of ivory," Saint Augustin could say, "who fare sumptuously every day, who drink the best and most delicate liquors, and who perfume yourselves with the most exquisite odors!" "Weep now, ye rich," Saint.

James could cry out, "howl in the just apprehension of your misery. Your immense riches will be turned into rottenness, your gold and silver into rust which will bear witness against you and will devour you like fire. You have heaped up a treasure of anger for the hour of your death, you have fared luxuriously during your lives and nourished your hearts in delights, to die in suffering and sorrow."

Preachers and moralists could then thunder forth against the rich and condemn extravagance with an energy which is now no longer customary, but how changed are the times! These threatening words were addressed to a social state different from ours; they might possibly be imprudent and dangerous, now that labor, which is the life of nations, finds its aliment more particularly in *useless* productions—now, that the splendors of the rich give food to the poor. What would become of the thousands of workmen and girls, who, far away in the country, quietly seated in their homes by the family hearth, pass their days knitting lace or embroidering, and thus find a means of livelihood, scanty it is true, but which they would not have had in former times and for which they could not now find a substitute? What would become of those women who are too weak for the rude labors of agriculture, and whose only resources is to spin hemp and flax, when you have proved to the rich inhabitants of the cities that they ought not to wear lace and embroidery? Shall the rich be blamed for wearing silk and velvet, now that the manufacture of silk supplies the daily bread in a million of cottages? Yet, we have been witnesses of such foolishness, and we have borne the consequences of it. We must therefore accept this splendor as a necessary condition of our future state. We must belong to the age we live in, and not add to our real sufferings the mortal venom of envy, that fetid source of so much evil.

(To be continued.)

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The President's Message.

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:

When we compare the condition of the country at the present day with what it was one year ago, at the meeting of Congress, we have much reason for gratitude to that Almighty Providence which has never failed to interpose for our relief, at the most critical periods of our history. One year ago the sectional strife between the North and the South on the dangerous subject of slavery had again become so intense as to threaten the peace and perpetuity of the Confederacy. The application for the admission of Kansas as a State into the Union fostered this unhappy agitation, and brought the whole subject once more before Congress. It was the desire of every patriot that such measures of legislation might be adopted as would remove the excitement from the States, and confine it to the Territory where it legitimately belonged. Much has been done, I am happy to say, towards the accomplishment of this object, during the last session of Congress.

The Supreme Court of the United States had previously decided that all American citizens have an equal right to take into the Territories whatever is held as property under the laws of any of the States, and to hold such property there under the guardianship of the Federal Constitution, so long as the Territorial condition shall remain.

This is now a well-established position, and the proceedings of the last session were alone wanting to give it practical effect.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS—SPAIN.

Our relations with the great Empires of France and Russia, as well as with all other governments on the continent of Europe, except that of Spain, continue to be of the most friendly character.

With Spain our relations remain in an unsatisfactory condition.

Spanish officials, under the direct control of the Captain-General of Cuba, have insulted our national flag, and, in repeated instances, have from time to time inflicted injuries on the persons and property of our citizens. These have given birth to numerous claims against the Spanish Government, the merits of which have been ably discussed for a series of years by our successive diplomatic representatives. Notwithstanding this we have not arrived at a practical result in any single instance, unless we may except the case of the Black Warrior under the late Administration; and that presented an outrage of such a character as would have justified an immediate resort to war. All our attempts to obtain redress have been baffled and defeated. The frequent and oft-recurring changes in the Spanish Ministry have been employed as reasons for delay.

One alleged cause for procrastination in the examination and adjustment of our claims arises from an obstacle which it is the duty of the Spanish government to remove. Whilst the Captain-General of Cuba is invested with general despotic authority in the government of that island, the power is withheld from him to examine and redress wrongs committed by officials under his control on citizens of the United States. Instead of making our complaints directly to him at Havana, we are obliged to present them through our Minister at Madrid. These are then referred back to the Captain-General for information; and much time is thus consumed in preliminary investigations and correspondence between Madrid and Cuba, before the Spanish government will consent to proceed to negotiation. Many of the difficulties between the two governments would be obviated, and a long train of negotiations avoided, if the Captain-General were invested with authority to settle questions of easy solution on the spot, where all the facts are fresh, and could be promptly and satisfactorily ascertained. It is, therefore, a great grievance that, when any difficulty occurs, no matter how unimportant, which might be readily settled at the moment, we should be obliged to resort to Madrid, especially when the very first step to be taken there is to refer it back to Cuba.

ABOUT CUBA.

It has been made known to the world by my predecessors that the United States have, on several occasions, endeavored to acquire Cuba from Spain by honorable negotiation. If this were accomplished the last relic of the African slave trade would instantly disappear. We would not, if we could, acquire Cuba in any other manner. This is due to our national character. All the territory which we have acquired since the origin of the Government has been by fair purchase from France, Spain, and Mexico, or by the free and voluntary act of the independent State of Texas, in blending her destinies with our own. This course we shall ever pursue, unless circumstances should occur, which we do not now anticipate, rendering a departure from it clearly justifiable, under the imperative and overruling law of self-preservation.

The Island of Cuba, from its geographical position, commands the mouth of the Mississippi and the immense and annually increasing trade, foreign and coastwise, from the valley of that noble river, now embracing half the sovereign States of the Union. With that island under the dominion of a distant foreign Power, this trade, of vital importance to these States, is exposed to the danger of being destroyed in time of war, and it has hitherto been subjected to perpetual injury and annoyance in time of peace. Our relations with Spain, which ought to be of the most friendly character, must always be placed in jeopardy whilst the existing colonial government over the Island shall remain in its present condition.

Whilst the possession of the island would be of vast importance to the United States, its value to Spain is comparatively unimportant. Such was the relative situation of the parties when the great Napoleon transferred Louisiana to the United States. Jealous as he ever was of the national honor and interests of France, no person throughout the world has imputed blame to him for accepting a pecuniary equivalent for this cession.

I repeat the recommendation made in my message of December last in favor of an appropriation "to be paid to the Spanish Government for the purpose of distribution among the claimants in the Amistad case." President Polk first made a similar recommendation in December, 1847, and it was repeated by my immediate predecessor in December, 1853. I entertain no doubt that indemnity is fairly due to these claimants under our treaty with Spain of the 27th of October, 1795; and whilst demanding justice we ought to do justice. An appropriation promptly made for this purpose could not fail to exert a favorable influence on our negotiations with Spain.

MEXICO.

Our position in relation to the independent States south of us on this continent, and especially those within the limits of North America, is of a peculiar character.

Mexico has been in a state of constant revolution, almost ever since it achieved its independence. One military leader after another has usurped the government in rapid succession; and the various constitutions from time to time adopted have been set at naught almost as soon as they were proclaimed. The successive governments have afforded no adequate protection, either to Mexican citizens or foreign residents, against lawless violence. Heretofore a seizure of the capital by a military chieftain has been generally followed by, at least, the nominal submission of the country to his rule for a brief period; but not so at the present crisis of Mexican affairs. A civil war has been raging for some time throughout the Republic, between the central government at the city of Mexico, which has endeavored to subvert the constitution last framed by military power, and those who maintain the authority of that constitution. The antagonist parties each hold possession of different States of the Republic, and the fortunes of the war are constantly changing. Meanwhile the most reprehensible means have been employed by both parties to extort money from foreigners as well as natives to carry on this ruinous contest. The truth is that this fine country, blessed with a productive soil and a benign climate, has been reduced by civil dissension to a condition of almost hopeless anarchy and imbecility. It would be vain for this government to attempt to enforce payment in money of the claims of American citizens, now amounting to more than ten million dollars, against Mexico, because she is destitute of all pecuniary means to satisfy these demands.

Our late Minister was furnished with ample powers and instructions for the adjustment of all pending questions with the Central government of Mexico, and he performed his duty with zeal and ability. The claims of our citizens, some of them arising out of the violation of an express provision of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, and others from gross injuries to persons as well as property, have remained unredressed and even unnoticed. Remonstrances against these grievances have been addressed without effect to that Government. Meantime, in various parts of the Republic, instances have been numerous of the murder, imprisonment, and plunder of our citizens, by different parties claiming and exercising a local jurisdiction; but the Central Government, although repeatedly urged thereto, have made no effort either to punish the authors of these outrages or to prevent their recurrence. No American citizen can now visit Mexico on lawful business without imminent danger to his person and property. There is no adequate protection to either; and in this respect our treaty with that Republic is almost a dead letter.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

The political condition of the narrow isthmus of Central America, through which transitt routes pass between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, presents a subject of deep interest to all commercial nations. It is over these transits that a large proportion of the trade and travel between the European and Asiatic continents is destined to pass. To the United States these routes are of incalculable importance as a means of communication between their Atlantic and Pacific possessions. The latter now extend throughout seventeen degrees of latitude on the Pacific coast, embracing the important State of California and the flourishing Territories of Oregon and Washington. All commercial nations, therefore, have a deep and direct interest that these communications shall be rendered secure from interruption. If an arm of the sea, connecting the two oceans, penetrated through Nicaragua and Costa Rica, it could not be pretended that these States would have the right to arrest or retard its navigation to the injury of other nations. The transit by land over this narrow isthmus occupies nearly the same position. It is a highway in which they themselves have little interest when compared with the vast interests of the rest of the world. Whilst their rights of sovereignty ought to be respected, it is the duty of other nations to require that this important passage shall not be interrupted by the civil wars and revolutionary outbreaks which have so frequently occurred in that region. The stake is too important to be left at the mercy of rival companies, claiming to hold conflicting contracts with Nicaragua. The commerce of other nations is not to stand still and await the adjustment of such petty controversies. The Government of the United States expect no more than this and they will not be satisfied with less.

OUR SOUTHWESTERN FRONTIER.

There is another view of our relations with Mexico, arising from the unhappy condition of affairs along our Southwestern frontier, which demands immediate action. In that remote region, where there are but few white inhabitants, large bands of hostile and predatory Indians roam promiscuously over the Mexican States of Chihuahua and Sonora and our adjoining Territories. The local governments of these States are perfectly helpless, and are kept in a state of constant alarm by the Indians. They have not the power, if they possessed the will, even to restrain lawless Mexicans from passing the border and committing depredations on our remote settlers. A state of anarchy and violence prevails throughout that distant frontier. The laws are a dead letter, and life and property are wholly insecure. For this reason the settlement of Arizona is arrested, whilst it is of great importance that a chain of inhabitants should extend all along its Southern border, sufficient for their own protection and that of the United States mails passing to and from California. Well-founded apprehensions are now entertained that the Indians and wandering Mexicans, equally lawless, may break up the important stage and postal communication recently established between our Atlantic and Pacific possessions. This passes very near to the Mexican boundary, throughout the whole length of Arizona. I can imagine no possible remedy for these evils, and no mode of restoring law and order on that remote and unsettled frontier, but for the Government of the United States to assume a temporary protectorate over the northern portions of Chihuahua and Sonora, and to establish military posts within the same—and this I earnestly recommend to Congress. This protection may be withdrawn as soon as local governments shall be established in these Mexican States capable of performing their duties to the United States, restraining the lawless and preserving peace along the border.

I do not doubt that this measure will be viewed in a friendly spirit by the governments and people of Chihuahua and Sonora, as it will prove equally effectual for the protection of their citizens on that remote and lawless frontier as for citizens of the United States.

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A bust of Gen. Jackson, by Frazee, is to be inaugurated at Memphis on the 8th of January next. The Hon. Jefferson Davis has been invited to deliver an oration, and there will be other appropriate ceremonies. The bust is to be protected by a dome, copied as to its plan, as nearly as consistent with architectural taste, from that which, at the Hermitage, covers the tomb of General and Mrs. Jackson.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

(From the American Agriculturist for December.)

SMALL PENS FOR FATTENING PIGS.

This is a matter of much more importance than might appear at first glance. Our attention has been called to it by an uneasy, frisky sow, that we had occasion to purchase in September. She had enjoyed the run of a pasture during the summer, and was thin in flesh. We put her into a large pen, about 12 by 30 feet, and though she had fattening food in abundance, she kept so constantly upon the move, that the food seemed to help her very little. She had a comfortable, dry sleeping apartment, with plenty of hay, but if she slept well by night there was no rest by day. After several weeks of this regimen, we yarded off a corner of the pen, making it about 8 feet square. Her errant propensities were cured at once, she takes her rations with decided gusto, and sleeps well between meals. There was a rapid increase of flesh and fat soon after the close yarding.

From observations, extending over a dozen years or more, made in villages and in the rural districts, we have noticed that the fattest and best pork is made in the former, where one or two pigs are usually kept in a small pen. The villager has but small room, and crowds his pig into narrow quarters for the whole year. It is fed on slops for eight months, and for the last four is crammed with scalded Indian meal. He gets pork of decidedly better quality than he can purchase, and gets it cheaper. The whole energy of the animal is forced by his training into the production of flesh and fat.

The pigs of the farmer, on the other hand, run in a pasture, or on the common, for six or eight months, and are shut up a dozen or more in a large pen to fatten, because he has plenty of room. The energy of the animal has gone very much to the development of snout and feet, and the propensity to run and to root is not circumscribed very much in his roomy pen. By Christmas he is not more than two-thirds fattened, and he has consumed quite as much as the village pig, which is ready for the knife. We have two yearling pigs, good for four hundred and fifty pounds of pork by Christmas, that have never been out of a pen, eight feet by twelve, since they were eight weeks old. Small pens, kept dry, and regular feeding is the secret of their thrift.

CHAPPED HANDS.

These are very common "about these days." Cold weather chills the surface of the skin and prevents a free circulation of the blood, and consequent warmth, and thus induces or aggravates the difficulty. One of the primary causes of chapping or cracking of the skin is the action of soap. The alkali in this eats away the cuticle or outer skin, and thus destroys the natural covering. In cold weather especially, the hands should always be thoroughly rinsed in clean water after washing them with soap. It will be found highly beneficial to wash the skin in a weak solution of vinegar and water, after using soap, and then rinse in clean water. The acetic acid of the vinegar neutralizes the alkali of the soap, and prevents the further action upon the skin, which will take place if the slightest amount of soapy water be left on the hands when they are dried with a towel. On washing days it will be of special advantage to have a vessel of water with a little vinegar added, to dip the hands into whenever they are taken from the washing water. Whenever we find it necessary to wash with soap, we rinse the hands in dilute vinegar, or a very weak solution of any acid, such as a few drops of oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid), muriatic (hyro-chloric) acid, or nitric acid (aqua-fortis), in a quart of water. Any of these acids will neutralize the alkali of the soap. Since adopting this practice we have never been troubled in the least with chapped, or even rough hands, though we do not put on gloves or mittens half a dozen times a year. We would add further, that in washing the hands it is usually better to use a stiff brush instead of soap, unless they chance to be covered with oil or tar. A brush is more convenient, *more* effectual, neater, cheaper, and better every way than soap.

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OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Cochin-China expedition.—The Bay of Touranne.—The forts.—A captured Mandarin.—The ultimatum.—Another martyr.—Military science among the Cochin-Chinese.—Fortifications.—Another Chinese wall.—Justice of the expedition.—The restrictions on the Algerian press abolished.—One good cannon deserves another.—Montalembert.—Opening of the Belgian Chambers.—Address to the throne.—Its tenor.—The charitable institutions law.—The debate on the address.—The "Right" members absent.—The address voted.—One of Fortune's tricks.—Requiem Masses for the clergy.—Translation of the relics of St. Allodius.—Mission of Mangalore.—Jesuit missions.—Persecution in Norway.—Advent.—Subscription in Portugal for the Sisters of Charity.

PARIS, 18th, November 1858.

The news of the first successes of the Franco-Spanish expedition against Cochin-China has reached us. The *Moniteur* publishes the report of Vice-Admiral Regault de Geninilly on the occupation of Touranne. The Admiral left Canton on the 23d of August. Two vessels had been sent on the 14th to take on board the Spanish auxiliary corps, at Manilla. A gunboat was sent to take soundings in the bay of Touranne. This bay is reported to be one of the finest natural ports in the world. It is five miles long and nine wide, and is almost completely sheltered by lofty mountains which protect it against the monsoons. The Island of Hainan, between China and the Gulf of Tonquin, was the rendezvous of the vessels composing the expedition, and they all arrived there in good time and order. The river Touranne which runs into the bay, passes through the town of the same name. On the east and west, are forts with two ranges of batteries, which seemed to have been abandoned and were occupied immediately. A Mandarin who was found by the troops was sent to Hue, the capital of Cochin-China, and of all the empire of Annam, with a despatch addressed to the Emperor, stating the demands of the French Admiral, and informing him, that if an answer was not returned within ten days, the expedition would march on the capital. It is said that the Emperor, Tu-duc, has no forces at present, the whole of his army having been sent to the frontiers of Cambogia, as he feared an invasion by the Viceroy of that country who had declared war against the Emperor of Annam and refused to execute his bloody edicts against the Catholics.

And here I have to impart the sad news of another martyrdom. The successor of Mgr. Diaz has followed in the footsteps of his martyred predecessor. Notwithstanding all our hopes to the contrary, the expedition arrived too late to prevent the martyrdom of Mgr. Melchior, who was beheaded by the orders of the Emperor. It is to be hoped that Mgr. Melchior will close the list of martyrs in Cochin-China.

The artillery, weapons, &c., taken in the forts show that the Cochin-Chinese are much more advanced in the knowledge of civilized warfare than the Chinese. This is, of course, due to the instructions of the French officers who were sent out to aid Gya-Long, towards the end of the last century. The cannons were mostly of bronze, and were in excellent order. Two fine bronze pieces have been set apart by the admiral, for presentation to the French Emperor, and the Queen of Spain. The muskets found were of Belgian, and the powder of English manufacture. The Capital, Hue, is defended by fortifications erected by the French officers in 1787, but they are said to be badly repaired, badly armed, and can offer no serious resistance to the French and Spanish troops. Beyond Hue is a wall like the great wall of China, built by Gya-Long, but since the death of that Prince it has been suffered to fall into decay.

The success of the expedition, which numbers nearly 5,000 men, is a thing of course, and never was an expedition more just or more deserving of success. Since the commencement of the present century, France has left nothing undone to get on an amicable footing with Cochin-China, and the services rendered by the Jesuit Fathers and the French officers, were paid by ingratitude. The rigorous persecution suffered by the missionaries has often brought French vessels to the coast in ineffectual endeavors to come to an understanding with the perverse government of Annam. In 1856, a special agent was sent to Touranne, by the Emperor Napoleon, but he would not be allowed to land, and had to leave without being able to send the Imperial message to Hue. The persecution of the missionaries was recommenced with even more than ordinary fury, until the news of the torture and death of Mgr. Diaz, determined the Emperor to bring the Annamite Sovereign to reason, or at least to submission. Hence, the present expedition. The Spanish government having been treated in precisely the same manner as the French, contributed a regiment of soldiers and two war vessels, to the expedition. Its arrival is the signal of safety to the missionaries, and the native Catholics who have already suffered the most barbarous persecution.

The newspaper press in Algeria was subject to special restrictions besides those contained in the organic decree of March, 1855, which defined the limits of newspaper freedom, for the Empire proper. These restrictions are now abolished by Prince Napoleon, the Minister for Algiers, and the colonies. The Algerian press will henceforth enjoy the same amount of freedom as their cotemporaries in France, which is not much to boast of, but in the present state of things small favors may be received with considerable gratitude. That this is a very small one, is seen by the fact that the right of granting or revoking permission to publish newspapers in Algeria, hitherto exercised by the Governor-General, is taken from that functionary, and will for the future be exercised by the minister himself. It is, however, an improvement in spirit, if not in action, as it takes the Algerian press out of the jurisdiction of a military power, and places it under a civil one.

You will remember that Queen Victoria made the Emperor a present of a cannon with appurtenances, on the model of those used in the English army. One *piece* of politeness deserves another, and the Emperor has sent an obusier, a 12-pounder, to her Majesty. The piece is called the *Alliance.* It bears the English arms and the Imperial initials and crown, with the inscription: "To Queen Victoria, the Emperor Napoleon." It was cast at Douay.

The Count de Montalembert and the proprietor of the *Correspondant* appeared before the Sixth Chamber of the Correctional Tribunal, yesterday, in obedience to a summons to appear and answer with regard to the article on the Debate in the English Parliament, published in the last *Correspondant.* The case was, at the request of M. Berryer, postponed to the 24th.

The opening of the Belgian Chambers has been a stormy one. The King's speech was as kings' and queens' speeches are, and of course meant nothing, or at least if it meant something, did not say anything. The address in answer to the Royal speech, is a different thing, however. A Committee was appointed to prepare a draft of it. This Committee was composed of two members of the Left (the party to which Belgium owes the disgraceful scenes of May, 1857,) four of the Left Centre and *one* of the Right. The address expresses the satisfaction at the general condition of the country. It promises to take up useful measures, but seems disposed to adjourn any action with regard to the law concerning charitable institutions, which you will remember was the cause of the agitation in 1857. (I gave you a very full account of the whole affair in my letters at that period, and such of your readers as may have short memories will find therein the key of the present situation, and of the stormy debates which are inevitable during the present session). The address insists upon the necessity of an inquiry into the condition of the classes that would be affected by such legislation. The echoes of last year's fight are to be found in it: it declares that the Chamber will defend Belgian Society against a return to *the abuses of a past age* and will maintain the independence of the lay power, while respecting, to the fullest extent, the freedom granted to every citizen by the Constitution. The debate on the address commenced on Tuesday (16th), and the war was immediately begun. M. de Theux (Right) declared the Address unparliamentary, and pronounced it an act of provocation. The gentleman was almost alone, all the members of the Right being absent. Roger, the Minister of the Interior, denied that any provocation was intended, and considered the absence of the members of the Right as unparliamentary. He made some remarks about the preceding ministry, which were taken up by M. Charles Vilain XIV., the former minister, and M. Dedecker, who gave the ministry a name. The Right being absent, the Address was passed, and the Chamber proceeded to decide by lot who should present the Address. By one of those extraordinary practical jokes of the blind goddess, the name of M. de Theux was drawn. M. Dedecker appealed to the Right to give up their present policy of abstention.

On Saturday last, Requiem Masses were offered up in all the churches in the city for the repose of the clergymen who died during the last twelve months.

The translation of the relics of St. Allodius, patron of the commune of St. Fredoly, in the diocese of Bordeaux, took place on the 13th inst. Mgr. Donnet, the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, accompanied by the Vicar General and all the priests of the neighboring parishes, went in procession to receive the reliquary containing the bones of the Saint, which was then borne to a village at some distance from Saint Fredoly. The procession consisted of more than eight thousand persons.

Rev. Pere Andre, Carmelite, Vicar General of the Bishop of Mangalore, in Malabar, who has visited France for the purpose of obtaining missionary aid, is about to return to Mangalore, bringing with him three Carmelite missionaries, four Brothers of the Christian Schools, and a number of the Sisters of Saint Joseph. The mission of Mangalore numbers about 50,000 Catholics.

Four Jesuit fathers left lately for the Syrian missions. The *Gazette du Midi*, speaking of the number and flourishing state of the Jesuit missions, states that there were in 1857, 545 French Jesuits attached to the missions of Louisiana, Canada, New York, Cayenne, Madagascar, Algeria, Syria, Madure, Shanghai, and Petcheelee.

The Abbe Lechelle, Catholic Curate of Christiana, in Norway, has been severely fined by the Government for having received the abjuration of a Lutheran lady and not denouncing her to the Lutheran clergy.

The station of Advent will be preached at Bordeaux by the Rev. Pere Felix, whose eloquence resounded in Paris last year. At Notre Dame de Paris, the Rev. Pere Lefebre will be the preacher.

A Portuguese paper states that the priests of the archdiocese of Braza have received a circular from the Primate, requesting them to aid in getting up a subscription for the French Sisters of Charity.

OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENCE.

The case of the C'Malleys, minors.—What the Lord Chancellor did with it.—How "outrages" are manufactured in Ireland.—Tom Moore's statue.—First appearance in public of the Lord Lieutenant's wife since the "happy event."—The Archbishop of Tuam warns Lord Derby.—Lola Montez in Dublin, &c.

DUBLIN, Nov. 26th, 1858.

My Lord Chancellor has given infinite cause of jubilation to the proselytizers of the whole Island by deciding last Saturday from his seat on the Bench that the eight young O'Malleys (whose case I related in my last letter) should be brought up in the Protestant faith. His Lordship is of opinion, therefore, that when a Catholic father leaves it as a dying injunction, in the presence of his clergyman, that his children shall be brought up in the faith in which they were baptized, and in which he died, that he did not mean what he said—that in reality he desired they should be reared Protestants—that he passed into eternity dissembling, and died with a lie on his lips; or, taking another view, his Lordship prefers the testimony of a couple of women (who happened to be about the house at the time) in reference to the death-bed scene, to that furnished by the Rev. Mr. Coyne, the Catholic clergyman who administered the last rites of the Church to the dying man. But perhaps it would be unconscionable to expect that his Lordship would do anything else, considering that the anxious eyes of the proselytizers of England were on him, and that he was aware of the fact that he was expected to stand by Protestantism and Proselytism. He surely never could look the Hon. Mary Plunkett straight in the face, nor expect any quarter from the party which she represents, if he handed these eight orphans over to the "Papists." Even the *Times* thought it worth its while to notice the case of the poor policeman's orphans, and to indicate most unmistakably in an article which appeared the day previous to that on which the Chancellor delivered his judgment, what it was expected he would do. There is an order of the Court, accordingly, that the eight young O'Malleys shall be brought up Protestants. Armed with this decree the Protestant aunt and the Hon. Miss Plunkett's solicitor, proceeded the other day to the school-house of the Sisters of Mercy at Tuam, and showing their warrant, after the manner of bailiffs, demanded to have the three female children, who were in the school, delivered up to them. Whereupon the poor children set to crying and clinging to the nuns, asking that they might not be allowed to be taken away. The Protestant aunt thought to kiss the children with a pacific mood, and to induce them to submit to be captured quietly, but finding her efforts in this respect unsuccessful, seized one of the children, and the solicitor of the Court of Chancery took two more in his arms, and thus they carried the children bodily out of the school-room. This Protestant aunt and her zealous solicitor, having subsequently provided themselves with a guard of policemen, crossed the country, and, entering the dwelling of the Catholic uncle, took therefrom four of the infant children. Thus, for the present, ends this "strange eventful history of the poor policeman's orphans."

Incredible as it may seem, there is a section of "Irishmen" who are firm in the belief, notwithstanding all the evidence to the contrary, that the Irish peasantry as a body—that numerous class, the members whereof go about in riding-coats and corduroys—but particularly the peasantry of Tipperary County, are bloodthirsty, blunderbuss-loving, irreclaimable desperadoes, who are always prepared on the shortest notice to shoot a man or any number of men from behind a hedge any night in the year. 'Tis bad enough, goodness knows, that there should be any persons calling themselves "Irishmen" who, at this time of day, would entertain such a belief. But worse still, there is another class of "Irishmen" who, far more incredible as it may seem, for political or private purposes occasionally concoct and inculcate industriously tales of outrage by the peasantry. The last effort in this line was a report furnished to the Conservative Press, last week, that one Mr. S. M. Gason, a magistrate of the county Tipperary, was fired at from behind a hedge, as he was journeying homeward along the highway—that he received more "slugs" in various parts of his body than would suffice to kill an elephant, and that he was expected to depart this life in dreadful agony every minute. This dismal paragraph appeared duly "leaded," with the heading "Another outrage in Tipperary," (as if outrages were of hourly occurrence there,) and accompanied by leading articles, in which the writers inquired whether the government would not do something to destroy the network of "Ribbonism" which was spreading over the country, or would passively look on and see the leading men in every country sent into eternity by the blunderbuss of the midnight assassin! The broad sheets containing the "startling intelligence" and the indignant "leaders" had not been six hours in the hands of the subscribers when authentic intelligence from the scene of the alleged "outrage" was published, to the effect that Mr. S. M. Gason, J. P., wasn't fired at from behind the hedge, or in any manner whatsoever—that his body wasn't filled with slugs—that he had no intention of departing this life in dreadful agony—in fact that he was never better in all his life. It may seem strange to people unacquainted with this country, and difficult of belief, that such fabrications would be attempted; but it is well known that they are of pregnant occurrence; and in the concoction of minor "outrages," with regard to which there could not be positive contradiction, such as the posting of threatening notices with coffins and deaths' heads, and the lawless doings of peasants with blackened countenances, such success has been achieved, that many counties, because of such stories having been circulated respecting them, have got bad names, which never left them, and have been thickly populated with police for many years. In the present case, however, the mark has been considerably over-shot.

An application was made the other day to the Town Council that liberty might be granted to the Committee of that unfortunate specimen of art known as the "Moore Statue," to procure a new pedestal for the ungainly effigy of the Poet, so as, if possible, to take a little of the hideousness from it. A worthy Alderman pledged his word on the occasion that he never looked at the statue but with shame and indignation, and he declared that for his part he would joyfully vote for removing it to the Phœnix Park, where few would see it. He expressed his fears that if leave were given to alter the pedestal it would be made worse (which I insist is impossible); however, his misgivings on that point having been set at rest by a brother member, he acquiesced in the proposition, adding at the same time that he didn't care a straw what they did with it. The public, I have reason to know, would cheerfully give their consent that the statue should be delivered over bodily to the Committee to be reduced to the smallest possible fragments as soon as they pleased by any process they might be advised to adopt for that purpose. Not that the public is careless of what becomes of the statue of their national Poet, but as I have already intimated, there is a strong feeling that it is a disgrace to the taste of the city as it now stands in College Green.

The Lord Lieutenant's new wife made her first appearance in public since her marriage, at the cattle show of the Royal Dublin Society, which was held this week, where she spent a couple of hours inspecting fat oxen and sheep, wonderful poultry, obese pigs, monster turnips and carrots, and cunning machinery. The Society's new Agricultural Hall, a very fine building, lately erected on the lawn of the Royal Dublin Society, Kildare st., was opened for the first time on the occasion of this year's winter show, which was considered a particularly successful one.

The Most Rev. Dr. McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, has addressed a long and powerful letter to Lord Derby, as Premier of England, on the neglected claims of Catholic Ireland. His Grace refers to the necessity that exists for contracting the Protestant Establishment to the measure of its usefulness, which he says is small, and of expanding the free action of Catholic education to the ample dimensions of the Church, which is emphatically the Church of the people. He says the people of Ireland never will be satisfied with an education imbued with Protestant principles, and administered, as far as practicable, through Protestant hands by means of "Queen's Colleges" and the miscalled "National Schools." His Lordship refers to the great physical suffering resulting to the tenantry of Ireland generally, from the penalty rather than privilege of voting under present circumstances at elections: he expresses a hope that in the expected Reform Bill all these important questions will be dealt with in a spirit of justice to the Irish people; and in conclusion His Grace prophesies that if the mists of bigotry should ascend to high places, and cloud judgments, which should be above such influences, and if the present state of things in relation to these questions should not be improved, Lord Derby's ministry will be soon numbered amongst the many recent ones that have fallen, because they were wanting in the duties of humanity and of justice.

Madame Lola Montez, of extensive notoriety, has arrived in this city for the purpose of lecturing on "America, its People and its Social Institutions." She came over in the *Pacific* (Galway line), and after remaining a short time in Dublin went down to visit Limerick, where she says she was "raised." No doubt Limerick feels proud that such is the fact. This lady, it is said, intends making a tour through the principal cities and towns in Ireland with the object of favoring each with a lecture on the above-named subject.

Charles Mathews and his American wife are engaged to perform at the Theatre Royal here.

DUBLINER.

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OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

The Message.—Douglas and the chairmanship of the Committee of Territories.—The door-keeper to the Senate.—The case of Judge Watrous.

WASHINGTON, December 10th, 1858.

The President's Message was received by both Houses of Congress on Monday last, at half-past one o'clock, P. M. It covers ten and a half columns of the *Union*. It opens with a review of the Kansas difficulties of last session, and appears to be intended, on the President's part, as an apology for, or counterpart of, the course he took on the question in his Message of Feb. 22d, accompanying the Lecompton Constitution to Congress.

There are many of his positions in this paper, which all the facts in the history of that period will not sustain. I will point out only one, as I do not intend a review of the whole. The President says:

> "Practically considered, the question is simply whether the people of that Territory should first come into the Union, and then change any provision in their Constitution not agreeable to themselves."

Had the people of Kansas come in under the Lecompton Constitution, and rejected the slavery clause which it contained, they would have to take, whether they liked it or not, the schedule attached to it, the 14th section of which prohibited them from making "any change" in it until after 1864, and then only with the concurrence of *two-thirds* of both Houses of their State Legislature; and as to the slavery question, although rejected under the Constitution, this section of the schedule says:

> "But no *alteration* shall be made to effect the rights of property in the ownership of slaves."

Thus, under either alternative, the people of Kansas had to take slavery against their will, and this is what Senator Hammond called a "cheat," and a "fraud" in his Barnwell speech about a month ago, and for the passage of which he not only spoke but voted. It is to be regretted that the President should have thus essayed to galvanize "bleeding Kansas" from the grave at this time, when the two sections of the Democratic party were beginning to unite upon a common footing of friendship.

The breach, I now begin to fear, is going to be widened, for on the heel of this, the President's friends in the Senate last evening cut Senator Douglas off the Committee on Territories of which he has been chairman for twelve years. The Democratic Senators who opposed this petty persecution of Mr. Douglas are: Brown, of Miss.; Clingman, of N. C.; Hunter, of Va.; Green, of Mo.; Shields, of Minn.; Bigler, of Penn., and Thompson, of New Jersey.

The rumor among the reporters and correspondents of the press at the hotels, last night, said that this act had been done in accordance with "executive dictation," but for the sake of the President's reputation, it is to be hoped there is no truth in it.

Henry M. Phillips, of Philadelphia, it is also said, was recommended by Mr. Buchanan for the chairmanship of the Committee of Ways and Means, but Speaker Orr kicked in the traces, and refused to appoint him.

The Senate yesterday elected Chas. W. Jones, of this city, assistant doorkeeper, by a majority of 31. For many years this young man has been a sub-assistant at the door of the Senate, and so conducted himself as to win the confidence and respect of every senator. His election has been hailed by all classes of people here as a just reward for his merits.

The case of Judge Watrous of Texas, which has been pending before a special committee of the House for two or three years past, on a charge of malfeasance in office, is occupying the House of Representatives at present. It is thought that the charges against him will result in his trial by the Senate on a writ of impeachment. Should this happen, it will be the third case of the kind that has occurred since the formation of the Government.

SIGMA.

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FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—This feast was celebrated on the 8th inst. at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Fourteenth st., with much solemnity. Although it rained nearly all day, yet crowds of the faithful assembled to celebrate the anniversary of the Mother of God. The church was decorated elegantly and tastefully; garlands of fresh flowers, the offerings of members of the congregation, adorned the altar. His Grace the Archbishop was not present, although it was expected he would; a bad cold hindered him from attending. High Mass was celebrated, and the Rev. Mr. Brady, of St. Joseph's, preached the sermon, which, as usual, was eloquent and effective. The Rev. gentleman took for his text the 8th chap., 22d and concluding verses of the Book of Proverbs.

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SOIREE AT NIBLO'S SALOON.—The members of the Young Men's Literary Club gave a Soiree at Niblo's Saloon, on the evening of Friday last. The attendance was both numerous and respectable. An excellent supper was provided, at which several toasts were given and responded to. Dancing was kept up to a late hour, when the guests separated, highly delighted with the evening's entertainment, and with each other. Shelton's excellent band was in attendance.

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CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.—The Ladies' Fair for the Free Schools of St. John the Evangelist's Church will open on the evening of the 23d December, in the splendid Rooms of Third Avenue Railroad Depot, Third Avenue, Sixty-fifth street, and will continue (open daily, from 1 to 10 P. M.) till New Year's Eve. The ladies in charge will have a magnificent display of useful and ornamental articles, and invite all their friends, the charitable, generous, and good, to pay them a visit.

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The attention of the Catholics of Albany and vicinity is called to the advertisement of Mr. M. O'Sullivan, 63 South Pearl street, who is Agent for the house of Tapscott & Co. Mr. O'S. is prepared to issue Drafts or Passage Certificates on England, Ireland, and Scotland. He has also a large stock of Catholic Books, &c., suitable for Holiday presents.

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CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic.

DEATH OF THE REV. FATHER RODDAN.—The Rev. John T. Roddan, Pastor of the Catholic Church in Purchase street, Boston, died in this city on Friday morning, 3d inst. He was a graduate of the College of the Propaganda at Rome, and was a man of ability. He has been for the past two years stationed in Boston. He was for some time the leading editor of the Boston *Pilot*, and was also well known as a lecturer before various Catholic societies throughout the country. He was a priest in all for about ten years, and was universally beloved. He gave his whole heart to his calling, and his place will be indeed hard to fill. From his long residence in Rome he knew the antecedents of many of the leaders of the revolutionary movements, and he distrusted their patriotism and their judgment. This rendered his writings to many what might be called ultra conservative on European affairs, but a kinder hearted man never lived. He was a native of Boston, and lacked just one month of being forty years of age.—*Boston Post.*

DEATH OF VERY REV. DR. DELUOL.—We regret to learn that information has been received of the recent death, at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris, of the Very Rev. Dr. Deluol, at one time President of St. Mary's College, Baltimore, and for many years Superior of the Theological Seminary connected with that Institution. Dr. Deluol was a native of the South of France, and emigrated to Baltimore about forty years ago, from which period, until his departure from the city, in 1849, he was generally and favorably known to all classes and denominations in our community. He was a man of large attainments in classical scholarship, and in the learning of his profession, and was remarkable likewise for his knowledge of men, and his general administrative ability. For many years he was prominently connected with the government of that most admirable and exemplary Society, the Sisters of Charity, and assisted greatly in laying the foundations of their extended usefulness throughout the Union. Dr. Deluol died on the 15th of November, aged 72 years. A Solemn Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of his soul in St. Mary's Chapel, Baltimore. Many of the Clergy of the city, and a large number of the Faithful assisted at the service.

DEATH OF A CARMELITE NUN.—Sister Mary Eleanora, of St. Francis Xavier, died on the 4th inst. at the Carmelite Convent in Baltimore. She was of one of the old Maryland families. There are few who have cared to notice the great events which have marked the progress of religion in this country, who have not heard of her sister, Mrs. Ann Mattingly; and there are few of the influential business men of our large cities, who have not learned to honor the name of her brother, Thomas Carbery, now President of the Bank of the Metropolis, Washington, D. C. At the time of her death, Sister Eleanora was in the 86th year of her age, and the 47th of her conventual life. A Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of her soul, on Monday, 6th inst.; and her burial, with the usual religious rites, took place on the afternoon of the same day.—*Catholic Mirror.*

CONFIRMATIONS.—The Right Rev. Bishop Neumann administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in St. Vincent's Church, Minersville, on the 5th inst., to ninety-nine persons, and on the following day, in the beautiful new Church at Heckersville—which is a noble monument of the piety and liberality of the Catholics of that town and district—the same Sacrament was conferred upon one hundred and fifty-six persons.

NEW CHURCH NEAR MILWAUKEE.—On Sunday, 14th of November, the Right Rev. Bishop Henni dedicated the new Church at Greenfield, Milwaukee Co., and delivered a very eloquent and most appropriate discourse on the occasion. Immediately after Mass, celebrated by Rev. J. McGowan, the pastor, the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation was conferred on upwards of two hundred children.

CLERICAL CHANGES.—The Rev. James Kelly, of St. Gregory's, has been appointed pastor of Christ Church, Chambersburg, and the Rev. Mr. Kean, of the Seminary, to the pastorship of St. Gregory's. The Rev. Edward McKee, of St. Theresa's, has been transferred to St. Peter's Church, Wilmington, Del., and the Rev. Richard Kinahan, of that place, to St. Theresa's.—*Herald and Visitor.*

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION.—Sister Mary Agnes, of the Immaculate Conception, (Miss Jane B. Edwards,) received the Black Veil in the Carmelite Convent, Baltimore, on Wednesday, 8th inst., Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. Leimgruber, Pastor of St. Alphonsus, assisted by the Rev. John B. Byrne.

At the Convent of Mercy, Chicago, Ill., on the 5th inst., of consumption, Sister Mary Bonaventure. Her funeral took place on the 6th inst. *Requiescat in pace.*

NEW YORK MARKETS.

ASHES.—Small lots of pots were selling at 5¼c., and pearls at 5¾c.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour—There continues to be good demand from the domestic trade, with some purchases for export. Common grades of State and Western were firm, while the medium and extra grades were sustained. There was a fair business doing in Southern flour; the sales embraced about 1,500 bbls. Corn meal was unchanged, while the sales embraced about 200 bbls. Rye flour was steady, with sales of about 150 bbls. Wheat—The market was firm for the better qualities, while the sales were limited; the transactions embraced about 7,000 bushels, including white Southern at $1 41, white Michigan at $1 22, white Kentucky at $1 55, and Milwaukee club at $1 09. Corn was steady, with sales of about 20,000 bushels, including mixed Western at 76½@77c., New Jersey Yellow at 78c., and choice round yellow at 87½c. Rye was steady, with sales of about 3,000 bushels prime North River at 78c. Barley was dull, with sales of 1,500 bushels common at 70c. Oats were firm, with sales of State at 49@51c., and Western and Canadian at 52c@55½c. The exports of flour and grain from New York, for the week ending December 7, were: to Great Britain, 2,999 bbls. flour; British provinces and other places, 11,101 bbls. flour, 2 917 bushels corn—total, 14,100 bbls. flour, 2,917 bushels corn.

COFFEE—The market was steady, with sales of 3,100 bags by auction at 9½@12¼c., average about 10.55. The lot of 278 bags withdrawn was afterwards sold at 11½c., and 150 do. Laguayra were sold at 11¾c.

COTTON—The sales embraced about 1,100 bales, closing steady, while prices were without quotable change.

HAY—The sales embraced about 1,000 bales at 55@60c.

HIDES—The receipts last week have been very large, amounting to over 100,000 hides. The demand is fair, and prices have declined ½@1c. per ℔. on all descriptions, with sales of 15,000 Buenos Ayres at 26c.

HOPS—New were steady, with moderate sales at 10@15c.; old were dull and nominal.

IRON was less buoyant, and Scotch pig was inactive, with small sales at $25@$26, 6 months.

LEATHER—With a fair demand prices have been firm, and sales are to a fair extent at full prices. The receipts were 72,500 hemlock, 9,650 oak; sales 67,800 hemlock, 11,850 oak; stock 54,900 hemlock, 11,800 oak.

LIME was in good supply for the season, and sales moderate at $1 for lump and at 70c. for common.

MOLASSES—The sales embraced about 500 bbls. New Orleans, new crop, at 35@36c., and 30 half bbls. do. at 37c., and 175 bbls. Neuvitas syrup at p. t.

OILS.—Linseed continued in good demand both on the spot and for future arrival, with sales of 10,000@15,000 gallons at 63@64c., with considerable sales to arrive in January at 65c. Crude whale and sperm were unchanged, and the demand moderate.

PROVISIONS—Pork—The market was less buoyant, and sales confined to about 500 bbls., including old mess at $17 95, and new do. $18 37½@$18 50, and prime $14 35@$14 50. Clear mess was unchanged. Beef was in moderate demand, and sales were confined to about 300@400 bbls., including country prime at $6@$6 50., country mess do. at $7 75@$9, and repacked Western at $8 50@$10 50. Prime mess and beef hams were quiet and prices nominal. Cut meats were steady, with sales of shoulders at 6@6½c., and hams at 9½@9¾c. Dressed hogs were firm at 7¾c., and some sales of prime were reported at 8c. Lard was quiet, with sales at 11½@11¾c. Butter was steady at 14@19c. for Ohio, and at 16@25c. for State. Cheese was steady at 8@9½c.

RICE—The sales embraced about 200 casks at 3@3¾c.

SPICES—The sales embraced about 20,000 mats of cassia, part at 24½@25c.; 35 cases nutmegs, at 24½@25c.; and 1,800 bags pepper, at 9¼c.

SUGARS—The market was steady, with sales of 375 hhds., including 180 hhds. Cuba at unchanged prices; and 185 do. New Orleans at 7½@7¾c., and 75 boxes at 8½c.

WHISKEY—The market was unsettled, with sales of 170 bbls. reported, in lots, at 24½@25c.

Family Marketing.

Business at the markets is tolerably brisk, and the sudden cold snap has had the effect of putting up prices not a little. Meat had advanced in consequence of the greater demand that exists for animal food during the cold weather, and vegetables have become lower because of the danger from rotting and keeping at this season of the year.

Fresh meat is higher by one and two cents per ℔. The increased consumption and the smaller supply will account for this. Mutton alone seems plenty.

Fresh fish is high, and a small stock on hand. There is no change worth noting in salt meats or fish. Oysters are plenty and in active demand.

There is plenty of butter in the wholesale dealers' hands, and with them prices are heavy; but retail dealers have established a slight advance. Cheese, eggs and honey are unchanged.

In vegetables and fruit we find but little new to note beyond an additional stiffness to the prices. The stocks are now all in, and we cannot expect much variation until towards the close of the winter.

It is estimated that there are about 20,000 barrels of apples in first hands now, against 36,000 at this time last year.

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POST OFFICE NOTICE.

NOTICE.—The Mails for Europe, per U. S. Steamer CITY OF WASHINGTON, will close at this Office on SATURDAY, the 18th day of December, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

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Board and Washing, Tuition, use of School Books, Stationery and Library, $180 per annum.

Payments made semi-annually in advance.

The Academic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September and terminating on the 1st of August.

The following branches are taught according to the learner's age and capacity, viz: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Natural History, the French language, Vocal Music, and Drawing.

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The Spanish and German languages are taught, and lessons given on the Piano, Violin, Flute, &c., to those whose parents or guardians desire it. For each of these respectively there is an extra charge. (No extra charge for French or Drawing.)

For further particulars apply personally or by letter
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sep4 tf At the Academy.

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THIS Institution is beautifully situated, about two miles from Albany, on the Troy road, overlooking the Hudson, and commanding a view of the cities and of the whole surrounding scenery of Albany and Troy. The shady walks and woodlands by which it is diversified; the eminence on which the house stands, embosomed in trees; the high hills in the distance, covered with beautifully variegated foliage, make this a most delightful and healthy site for a Young Ladies' Academy. In case of sickness the Ladies administer, with the fondness of a mother, to the wants of the children committed to their charge. Unceasing care and vigilance render the superintendence and government complete. The system of education embraces every useful and ornamental branch suitable for Young Ladies.

Terms:

Board and Tuition per annum, $130, payable half-yearly in advance. From this rule there will be no deviation.

Day Scholars, per quarter	$10 00
Day Scholars dining at the Academy, per quarter	15 00
Use of Piano, per quarter	3 00
Stationery, per annum	8 00
Washing	20 00
Physician's Fees	3 00

Postage charged to parents. Each pupil will pay on entrance for use of Bed, &c., five dollars.

Music, Drawing, Painting, and the Languages, excepting French, form extra charges. As French enters into the usual course of instruction, peculiar attention is given to form the pupils to a correct and elegant style of writing in it, as well as in their own language. Peculiar attention will also be paid to plain and ornamental needlework. No deduction will be made for a pupil withdrawn before the expiration of a term except for cogent reasons.

The Scholastic year will begin on the first Monday of September, and end in the month of July. Pupils are admitted at any time during the year. There will be an extra charge of fifteen dollars for pupils who remain during the vacation.

The pupils are permitted to receive visits only from their parents, or from such as are formally authorized by them.

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ag28 tf THE LADY SUPERIOR.

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THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

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Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is	$150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin	135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra	15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum	20
Music, per annum	40
Use of Piano, per annum	8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

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The Classes will open on the first Monday of September.

Payments will be quarterly, and invariably in advance.

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1st, or Lowest Class	$ 5 00	per quarter.
2d Class	6 00	"
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6th, or Superior Class	10 00	"
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ag28 tf

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The course of instruction comprises the elementary, and all the higher branches of English education, French, Drawing, Music, &c., &c. Particular attention paid to English Composition, Book-keeping, and the Mathematics. The Academy is provided with an extensive Cabinet of apparatus for the use of Classes in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Surveying, &c.

Terms:

	Per annum.
Board and Tuition	$100
Washing and Mending	20
Books and Stationery	12
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" (with Piano) "	24

Payable half-yearly, on entrance, and during the first week of second session. No departure from the above terms.

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oct9 tf

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ap17 1y

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1. The condition in life of applicants must be such as to ensure to the orphans a good home, with a sufficiency of good food and clothing, and a fair opportunity of learning farm work
2. The orphan is to have full opportunity (so far as the place may afford) of hearing Mass, attending to religious instructions, and otherwise discharging his or her religious duties.
3. The travelling expenses of the orphans to place of destination are to be paid by the persons to whom they may be bound out.

Satisfactory references will, of course, be required by the Committee, whose regular meetings are on the second and last Wednesday of each month. All communications to be addressed to Committee on Admissions and Binding, R. C. Orphan Asylum, Prince st., corner of Mott, New York.

Applicants wishing to see the orphans who are to be bound out, in order to make a choice from them, are referred to Mother Elizabeth, Sister Servant of the Asylum for Boys, Fifth avenue, between 51st and 52d streets, and Sister Mary Frances, Sister Servant of the Asylum for Girls, Prince street, corner of Mott.

JAMES B. NICHOLSON,
Chairman of Committee.
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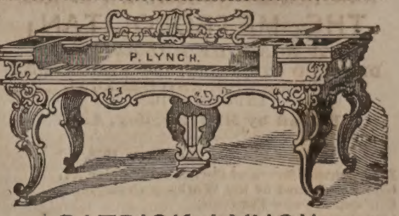

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